

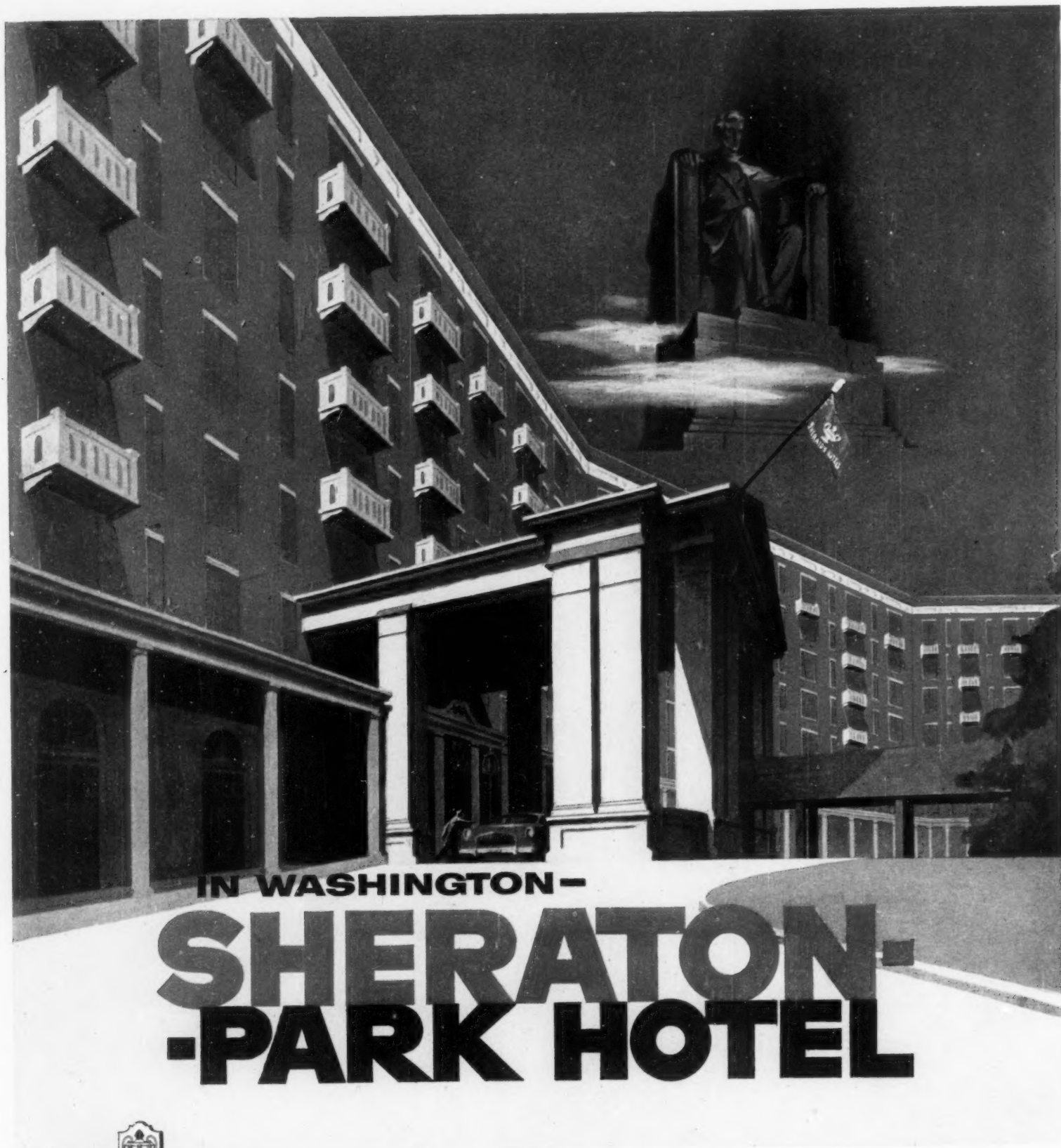
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EDITORIAL

What Does Co-Existence Actually Mean?

DIFFERENT PEOPLE take very different meanings from the current catch-phrase of international affairs, "peaceful co-existence."

Some appear to hope, even now, that the free nations of the West and the Far East can sit down with the Communist bloc in friendly co-operation. This seems to us naive. During the war, at Teheran and at Yalta, this was attempted under circumstances more favorable than have ever recurred or are likely to recur, and the results—to put it mildly—were disappointing. Experience has taught us, surely, that friendly co-operation between free nations and Communist nations is impossible.

Other people go to the opposite extreme. On their lips the phrase "peaceful co-existence" is pronounced only with the most savage irony; it reminds them of the ancient witticism about the lion and the lamb lying down together, with the lamb inside the lion. By implication at least (they don't always have the moral courage to state their position explicitly) these people argue that war with the Communist bloc is inevitable. Any attempt to escape it, to them, is mere futile "appeasement."

This is even more naive, in its queer inverted way, than the dewy optimism of the friendly co-operators. It has a childlike simplicity about it: "These people won't be friends, so let's drop hydrogen bombs on them."

After all, we have been demonstrating for nearly ten years that there is a middle course between friendship and atomic war. There is no compelling reason why we shouldn't go right on demonstrating it for years to come.

Free nations and Communist nations are both now strong enough that neither side could win a cheap military victory. That is good. It may be expensive to maintain indefinitely the military strength to keep this deterrent effect in being, but it's cheaper than war—cheaper even in money, and any amount of money is cheaper than blood.

We need not delude ourselves that just because no shots are being fired, therefore no struggle is being waged. The struggle with the implacable Communist enemy goes on every day, and will go on.

Let's hope it will prove decisive. For this struggle is political and ideological, an unceasing contest for the loyalty of the uncommitted.

There are some parts of the world where the Communist side has some negative advantages. Where the misery of the people is extreme; where the record of old colonial tyrannies is bad, and the record of new Communist tyrannies still unwritten or unknown—in such regions the free world has much ground to make up.

But in the long run we shall win, if we use our advantages. No sane man ever chose slavery when he could choose freedom. No country has ever yet gone Communist by a free majority vote of its own people. If the Western world can but maintain its strength while at the same time it does what it can do for less fortunate lands newly free, the great contest of "peaceful co-existence" will end in victory.

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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Are Snob Schools Bad For Britain?

THE LONG summer recess was near at hand and the old Mother of Parliaments was tidying up a few odds and ends before closing the doors and putting up the shutters.

We were discussing education, and some eyebrows were raised when a young Tory, Mr. John Eden, rose to address the House. This slight, handsome, rather wistful nephew of Anthony Eden had made his maiden speech only a fortnight before. Anthony Eden, in winding up that debate as Foreign Secretary, told the House that the most nervous moment he had had all day was when his nephew was making the speech.

By tradition the first oratorical effort of an MP is never barracked. Equally, by tradition, a new MP avoids controversy in his maiden effort. And finally, by tradition, the MP who speaks after him always has to congratulate the fledgling and say, even if he does not mean it, that the House will look forward to frequent interventions in debate from the honorable gentleman.

After that the new boy usually sits quietly for two or three months before opening his mouth again.

Consequently there was some surprise when less than a fortnight later young John Eden rose in his place again and caught the Speaker's eye. What contribution could he make on the problems, the cost, and the technique of educating the nation's boys and girls? And why did he want to speak again so soon?

Like a duellist John surveyed his adversaries on the socialist benches and calmly said: "Probably I suffer from a defect in the eyes of the honorable gentlemen opposite. I was educated at what I believe to be the greatest independent school in this country, Eton College."

This was a daring opening. Eton is the supreme snob school of England, although its defenders try to deny it. From the moment a boy arrives there he wears an Eton collar, a morning coat and a silk top hat. On Sunday small boys can be seen strolling about the neighborhood with their headgear making them look like the Mad Hatter in Alice in Wonderland, and with their hands sunk in the pockets of their trousers. The dormitories in which the boys sleep are dark and almost airless, dating back pretty well to the Middle Ages.

Once a year they invade my own neighborhood when they play the annual two-day cricket match at Lords against the other great snob school of Harrow. Regardless of the weather the Harrow boys of all sizes and shapes are supposed to wear straw hats—or what are called "boaters." The Etonians stick to topplers.

It is a great family festival. Fathers in morning coats and topplers bring their tall leggy daughters and younger sons, and even allow mother to share the glory. Until recently it was quite the thing to come by coach and park it inside the

Continued on page 84



The British parliament has been dominated by men who wore the topplers of Eton.

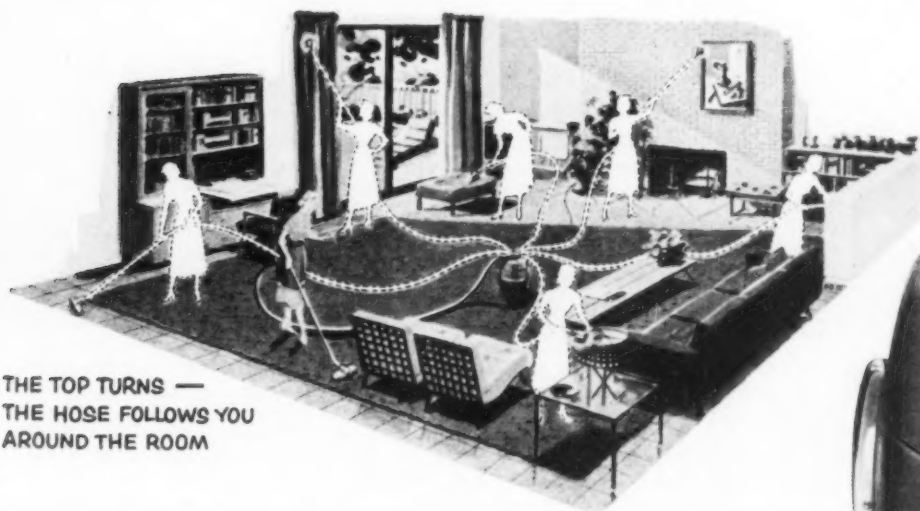
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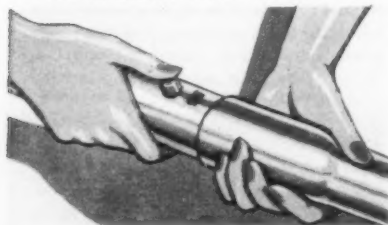


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Was There a Seaway Sellout?

ST. LAWRENCE Seaway negotiators are still keeping their fingers crossed. Until the United States Supreme Court is two weeks past the opening of its autumn term, it will not be absolutely and finally certain that the last legal obstacle has been removed from the international power project.

Most Canadians, including government officials, had supposed that the last appeal by private power interests was thrown out by the U. S. Supreme Court last June. It turns out this wasn't quite correct. Theoretically at least, U. S. law still permits a request for review of this decision.

It's not considered likely that any further obstruction will be attempted, and still less likely that the U. S. Supreme Court would change its mind even if another request were made. The work begun will not be interrupted. However, officials in both countries will have easier minds when the U. S. Supreme Court completes its first fortnight.

To Canadian officials, this faint remote threat gives an ironic twist to the charge that Canada "sold out" to the United States in setting up plans for the joint seaway scheme. They say Canada hasn't sold out, for the excellent reason that no concessions at all have been necessary—Canada still has the right to build a canal of her own on the Canadian side, will do so when or if seaway traffic justifies it, and would certainly do so if any trouble arose about the use of the canal in U. S. territory. This, they say, is the answer to those who fear that the McCarran Act might bar the passage of Canadian seamen on Canadian ships, or that

future trade with Communist or Communist-dominated countries might be blocked by solely American rules and regulations.

But, they add, although the United States' participation is not in fact limiting Canadian sovereignty, United States co-operation is still essential to the whole scheme. If the U. S. were suddenly, even now, to decide it didn't want the St. Lawrence Seaway developed, all it need do is cancel the Federal Power Commission's license to the New York State Power Authority. That would kill the whole scheme.

Ontario could no more build a power development of her own than build one half of an international bridge at Niagara. No one in either country has ever suggested that the seaway alone, without the power development, would make economic sense. Therefore the U. S. still has an unexercised veto power over this Canadian scheme.

Canada, of course, has the same veto power over any U. S. scheme on the St. Lawrence, but Canada is far more anxious than is the United States to have the seaway built. Only after 20 years of trying has the U. S. plan been pushed through Congress. It isn't the plan we started out with—from Canada's point of view it isn't as good—but it is a co-operative project that Congress has finally decreed. Naturally the congressional decree applies only to U. S. territory; Canada on her side can do anything she likes in her own territory too. But meanwhile, since we want the seaway far more urgently than the Americans, Canadian officials are being careful not to be too intransigent on

Continued on page 86



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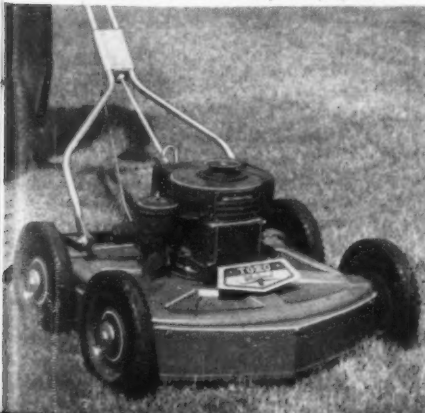
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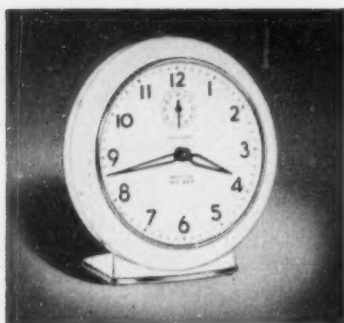
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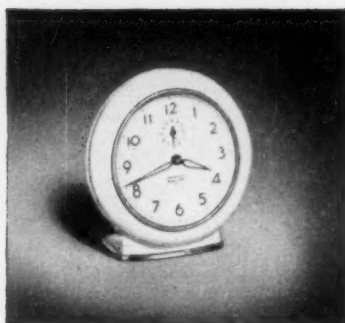
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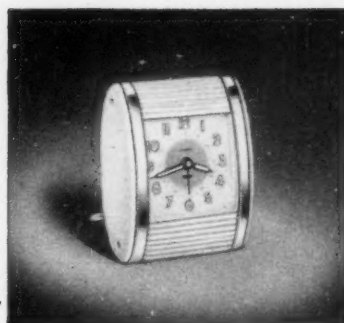
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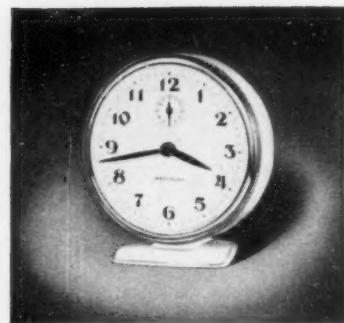
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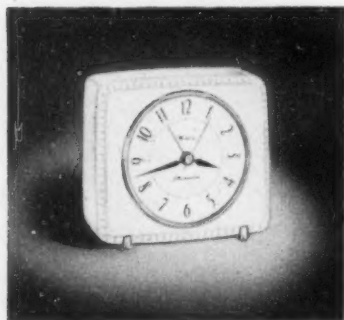
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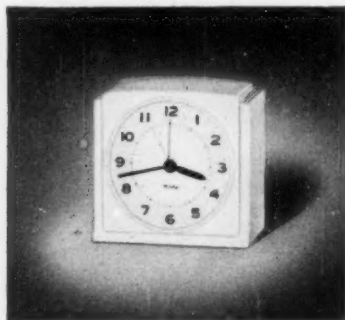
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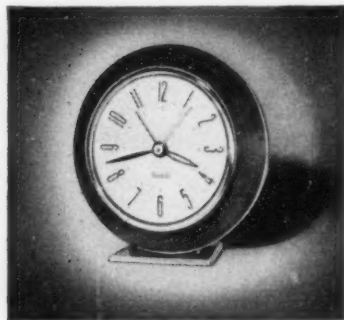
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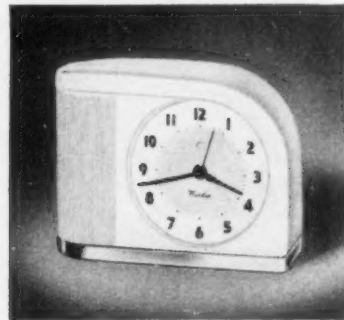
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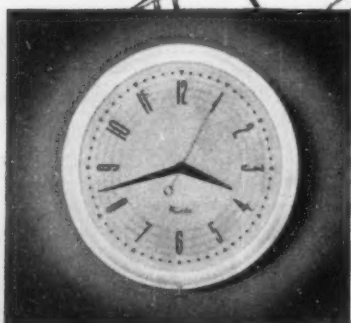
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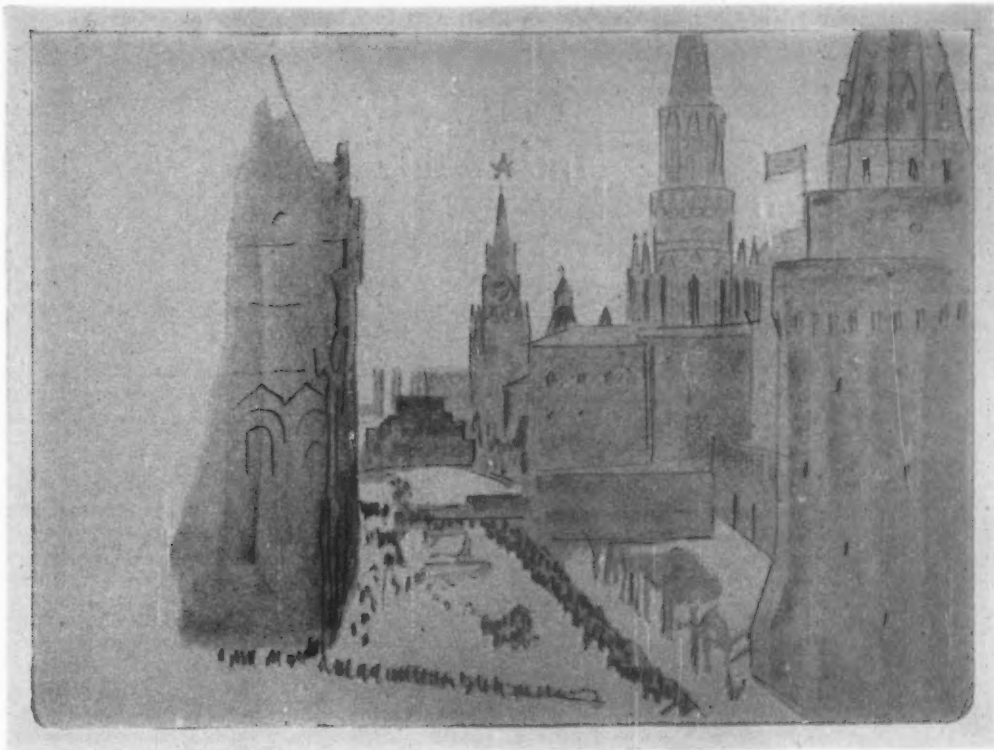
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High honor to the Canadians was a place at front of the line at Lenin's Tomb, sketched by Eric Aldwinckle.

What two Canadian Artists saw in Russia

**Fred Varley and
Eric Aldwinckle, whisked
almost overnight from their
Toronto studios to Moscow
as guests of Soviet culture,
were almost killed by
zeal and generosity.
The Russians gave them
everything—except a chance
to rest or to smile**



Ever-present Russian photographer snapped Fred Varley (left) and Eric Aldwinckle at one of Moscow's prides, an unfinished "New York style" block of apartments.

IN THE SPRING of this year, chance inserted into the quiet lives of two eminent Canadian artists an incredible month. Fred Varley, 73, a foremost Canadian painter and a founder of the legendary Group of Seven, and Eric Aldwinckle, member of a younger generation of Canadian artists, were whisked through a kaleidoscopic tour of Moscow, the semi-tropical Russia of Georgia and the Black Sea, and Leningrad. They were shown the treasures of the Kremlin; they quarrelled over the meaning of art with the men who dictate what Russians must appreciate. They returned exhausted in body and bewildered in mind.

The sketches Varley and Aldwinckle made in Russia, many of which are reproduced in these pages, are probably unique. Certainly they are the only Canadian artists ever to set up their easels at the very gates of the Kremlin and sketch for three hours without interference (albeit with surveillance).

Equally interesting are the impressions the two men brought back. It is unlikely that two such Westerners have roamed through Communism's heartland in the era of the Iron Curtain and the Cold War. Varley, totally immersed in art for more than half a century, is an unworldly, puckish man with a keen eye and a sharp opinion in matters

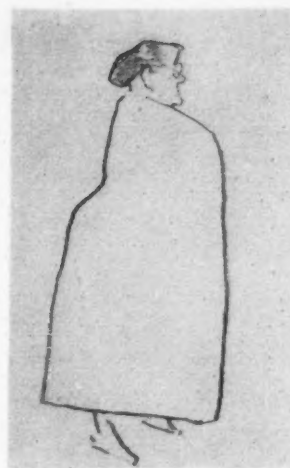
More story, sketches next 4 pages ►



A Moscow mother carries her baby in a basket as she lines up at market.



"These were the kind of people I wanted to meet," says Varley, "but our hosts had other ideas."



Elderly Russian women monopolize the role of "attendant" in Moscow hotels, theatres, public places.



Visitors to art galleries must don felt-soled shoes to protect floors—and keep them polished.

of form and design and color, but, by his own admission, almost totally uninterested in sociology and politics. Aldwinckle, somewhat more worldly, confesses an equal lack of interest in politics and describes himself as "active only in the creative arts and a strong believer that art is the universal language."

The two artists, by their own account, went to Russia neither as friends nor as enemies; they asked no penetrating questions about subjects outside of art, attached no predetermined or preconditioned significance to what they saw, heard and experienced. They feel that their reports on Russia are as unbiased as if they had been exploring an unknown planet.

"In fact," Aldwinckle said, "after living among the

Russians for a time, I began to feel I *was* in another world. It was impossible to conceive that these people were motivated by the same emotions, standards and ethics as we are. I know no more today about what goes on *inside* a Russian than I knew before I went."

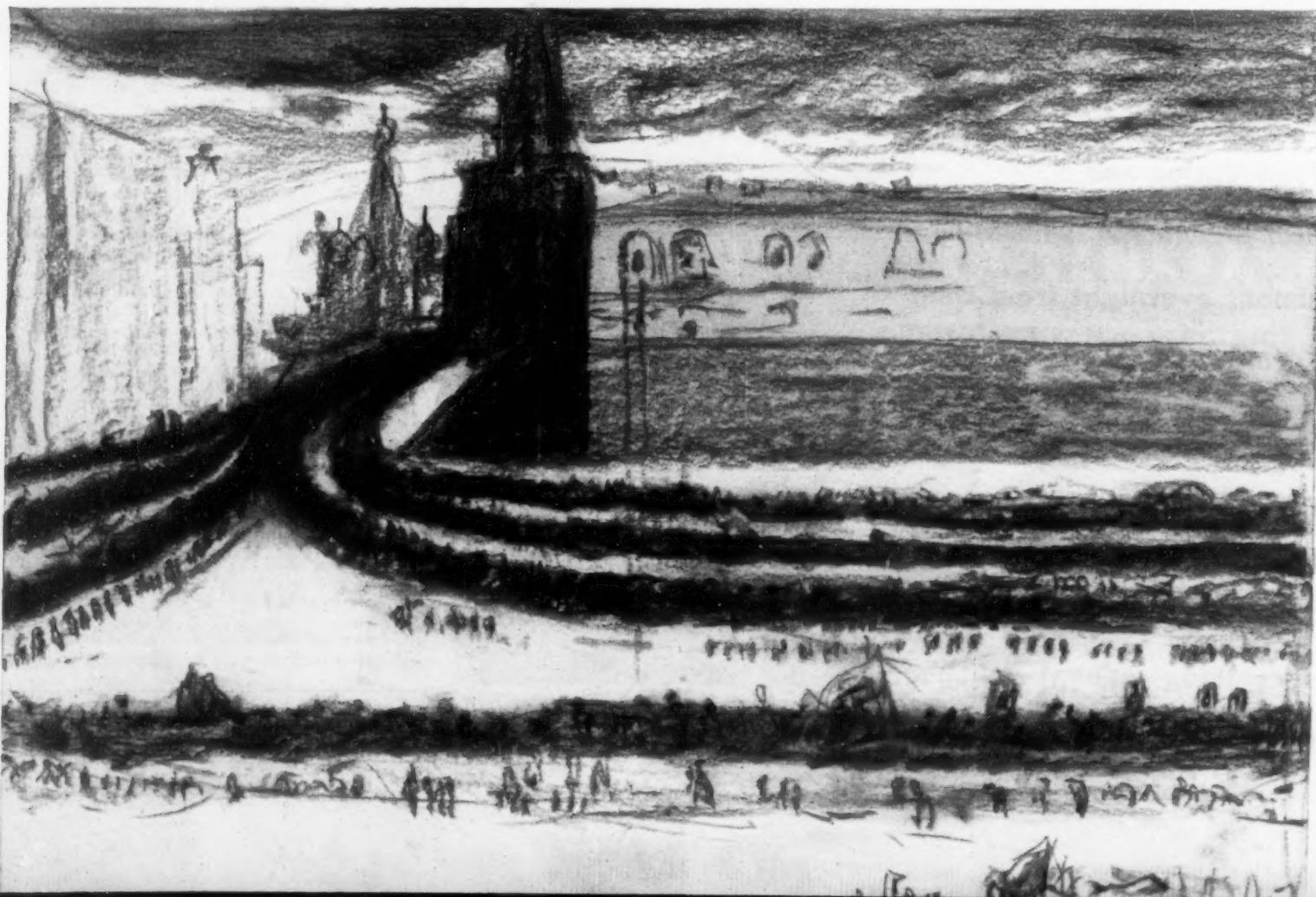
Amid the welter of Varley's memories one extraordinary scene stands out . . . two Russian painters working on the same canvas, "painting under, around and over each other like a team of contortionists," yet using techniques so identical that not even a veteran artist like Varley could tell where the work of one began and the other left off.

In a Leningrad art school where students are taught *en masse*, the standard of excellence amazed Varley.

VARLEY

"Moscow was thousands of tiny black figures surging about"

Varley, confined to a hotel bed, crept to the window and sketched the massed humanity of May Day parade in Red Square.





Varley saw Moscow's subway as a nightmare of crude mosaics and improbable chandeliers. Aldwinckle, who made this sketch, noted: "No chewing gum posters, though."

ALDWINCKLE

"The subway is a shrine and a palace of the Russian worker"

"Never among all my hundreds of pupils have I seen work so fluent and competent," said Varley, "yet their finished work is dead and meaningless—because both their subject matter and their techniques are dictated from above."

Aldwinckle observed the same incongruity. "I watched students making sketches for their paintings," he said, "wonderfully free and eloquent heads, for example. But when those heads were transferred to the final canvas, all that was left was competence—the freedom and eloquence were gone." Communism, Aldwinckle finally concluded after pondering the mystery at length, "forces good artists to do bad work."

Old women repair the holes in Russian roads. Canadians' guide insisted that they had "volunteered for the job."



Both Varley and Aldwinckle share the recollection of living for nearly a month under a regimen planned to the last detail, of being inexorably taken to see people who didn't particularly want to see them, of being inexorably taken to visit places they didn't particularly want to visit, of sitting down to enormous preplanned meals three times a day whether they were hungry or not, of being with people who only rarely, for brief unguarded moments, became human beings as the Canadians understood the term, of being subjected to an endless round of close-fitting activities which finally put both to bed, ill and exhausted—and of returning home each with the thought, "I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

Venerable priest of the only church in Tblisi, Georgia, ministers to the dwindling older generation of the town.



Russian city girls dress "sensibly" to the point of drabness in styles reminiscent of the Nineteen-twenties.

Continued on next two pages

VARLEY

"The Kremlin's great golden domes above great towers of rose and yellow and emerald stone belong to the Arabian Nights more than to the hard, realistic Russian world"



DOMED CHURCH within the Kremlin walls shows what Varley liked best in Russia—varied colors.



Farm worker's home at Black Sea collective was only residence visitors entered. Farm manager "borrowed" it to entertain them.



Thatched hut on stilts serves both as a scarecrow and as a shelter for the watchman who stands guard over the ripening crop.

The adventure began last March when the Canadian-Soviet Friendship Society—acting for VOKS, the Soviet Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries—invited the artists to a rendezvous at a Honey Dew restaurant on Bloor Street West. Varley and Aldwinckle met there for the first time.

Aldwinckle was troubled by the fact that, although he had been told that at least fourteen were going, only three prospective travelers turned up. The conveners admitted that one by one the others had dropped out, giving as reasons ill health or inability to fit vacations into the trip.

A day or two later Aldwinckle became more concerned. He learned that yet another man had dropped out with "vacation trouble"; and he heard that one of the others who declined had done so because his business required him to visit the United States and he had heard that he would be barred if he went to Russia.

"That last part only annoyed me," said Aldwinckle. "If the United States can control where a Canadian chooses to visit—well, I would just have to try to survive without visiting the United States. But I began to wonder if there were any other motives on the part of the sponsors than having Canadian artists meet Russian artists."

Varley expressed himself as quite unconcerned over the petty details and possible political implications of the trip. But Aldwinckle wanted a couple of points clarified. He wrote to the Department of External Affairs at Ottawa asking for an official attitude toward the proposed trip, and he asked the Canadian-Soviet Friendship Society for assurance that he would not be expected to make speeches or grant interviews either in Russia or on his return to Canada. He received this assurance by letter.

From the office of the Under Secretary of State for External Affairs, Aldwinckle received a letter

which said in part: "The official attitude here is entirely neutral. There are no government regulations of any kind which would prevent you from going, and as a Canadian citizen you would of course be readmissible to this country without question. There is no approval or disapproval of visits of this kind, but I do not think in your case you would be participating 'in anything which might be against the wishes of the Canadian Government.'"

At Dorval Airport, Montreal, Varley and Aldwinckle were joined by Michelaine LeGendre, marionettist; Charles Lemoine, a young poet and radio critic; Pierre St. Germain, a newspaper writer, and his wife, Madeleine, a social worker.

"I gathered," commented Aldwinckle, "that our Russian hosts were still expecting a dozen or fourteen writers, musicians, architects, painters, actors, dancers and the like."

A Dutch KLM airliner flew the six Canadians behind the Iron Curtain to Prague, via Amsterdam and Brussels. They were met there by two representatives of VOKS who, early the next morning, put them on a little, much-used plane with a bleak farewell. Five and a half hours later the plane landed on a military airport at Minsk. As soon as the plane stopped rolling, five uniformed men piled aboard. Two rushed to the front of the plane, brushing roughly by the passengers in the narrow passageway. The other three soldiers barred the doorway. After an exchange with the pilot, one of the soldiers, apparently an officer, demanded the passengers' passports. He examined them closely then returned them with a flourish.

At Moscow airport a very different reception awaited the Canadians. "For the first time," remarked Varley, "we were treated like celebrities. There were flowers for the women, handshakes for everybody." The head of the welcoming delegation

ALDWINCKLE



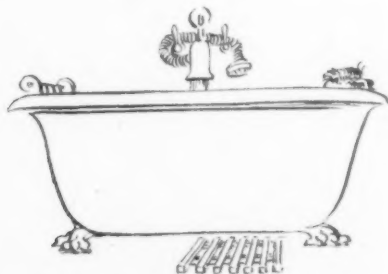
SAME SCENE as painted by Aldwinckle. The artists worked under surveillance of Soviet guide.

was no less a personage than Comrade Yakoflev, a metallurgist who is district head of VOKS. The visitors were ushered into cars for the twenty-five-mile drive to Moscow.

What Varley remembers of the drive into Moscow was the huge graveyard he passed, acres and acres of headstones crumbling in tall grass. The desolation would be wonderful to paint, he thought. But as the cemetery continued to flank the road as they drove he wondered if anyone could be left alive in Moscow.

Aldwinckle's attention was taken by more animate things. He was witnessing for the first time the extraordinary Russian technique of driving an automobile. "The driver would speed up to about sixty," he explained, "then shut off the engine and coast as far as he could. He kept doing this all the way into Moscow. Later I discovered that it was standard procedure to shut off the engine whenever possible. The Russians even do it while waiting for a stop light."

The destination was the National Hotel, opposite the Kremlin. Varley climbed out of the car and had



Aldwinckle sketched tired Varley as he dozed in this huge bathtub at their Tblisi hotel.

his first look at that fabulous walled city-within-a-city, and found it an artist's delight. "The Kremlin," he later said, "belongs to the Arabian Nights more than it does to the hard realistic Russian world. Huge and ornate, its domes seem to reach the sky—great gold domes above great towers and pillars of rose and yellow and emerald stone."

The two Canadian artists saw Moscow in terms of color and space. To Aldwinckle, Moscow was "soft pastel shades of creams, brick reds, orange and soft greens and greys, all heightened by thousands of tiny black figures surging about." The wide streets and broad squares appeared even vaster than they were because of the comparative absence of automobiles. Cars, Aldwinckle calculated, were only about one tenth as dense in a given area as in Toronto, Montreal or other Canadian cities. Even more noticeable was the lack of bicycles. Aldwinckle reached the conclusion: "Automobiles are completely beyond the reach of the average person—and bicycles are just beyond their reach."

But light traffic did not mean orderly traffic. Perhaps because cars are fewer, pedestrians have no respect for them. "Moscow traffic is bedlam," said Aldwinckle. "The Russian leaders certainly haven't got around to telling the people to obey traffic lights. They stream across against the red as though it didn't exist, which results in much squealing of brakes and honking of horns. That's the background sound of Moscow—automobile horns every hour of the day and night."

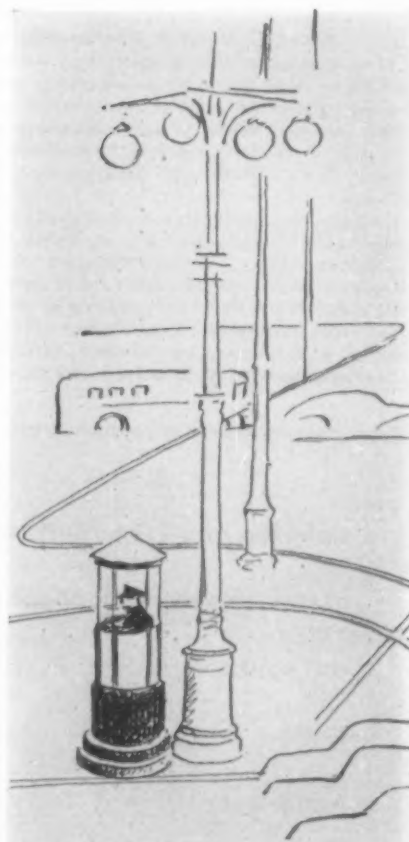
On their first night at the National Hotel Varley and Aldwinckle were introduced to Constantine Perevoshakov, who was to be their guide, interpreter and companion for most of their stay. Other interpreters were assigned to the French-speaking Canadians and, as their interests differed from those of the Toronto artists, their

Continued on page 72

"Moscow is a strange city with no pets, no laughter in the streets, and no couples holding hands in the parks"



Russian version of the "Good Humor" man is always a woman. The ice cream tastes good.



Traffic cop in main Moscow square, sketched by Aldwinckle, came down from his "pill box" to direct Varley when latter lost his way.



The Weird and Woolly War Against the Lobster Poachers

BY DAVID MacDONALD

With planes, patrol boats and fast cars the Fisheries

officers fight a guerrilla campaign to enforce the lobster laws. With all the cunning of "third-generation poachers" the fishermen fight back. Who's winning is anybody's guess

IN ANY other job in any other town Ron McKinnon, a chunky 31-year-old federal Department of Fisheries officer at Alberton, P.E.I., might have been taken for a mental case, victim of a persecution complex. Here it was the sparkling bright summer of 1948 and his ruggedly handsome face was dark with suspicion. "I felt," he said later, "there was a great conspiracy against me."

All around him he saw meaningful signs. Down at The Wharf, where most Alberton fishermen live, the mountains of idle lobster traps seemed to be shrinking daily, though the lobstering season was legally closed. At night on Main Street the fishermen, too, were fewer. Clearly, lobster poaching—an old, if shadowy, industry in Alberton—was afoot. As a "lobster cop" McKinnon's job was to stop it.

Nosing around the frayed northwest coast of the island in a Fisheries patrol boat McKinnon raked up and smashed many illegal traps but, for the first time in a year on the job, he couldn't seem to nab a single poacher in the act of sneaking lobsters ashore. And when, one night, two oft-convicted poachers smiled at McKinnon—by his own frank admission "the best-hated guy in town"—he knew in his

bones that some special plot was hatching.

Then he had a hunch. If the poachers weren't landing their catches, perhaps they were keeping them alive—"banking" them—somewhere. Why? Because by smuggling them around the shore on Aug. 10—two weeks off—when the lobstering season would open on the south coast of P. E. I., they could fetch fancy prices. McKinnon sensed where the bank would be.

So, while the poachers set their traps, McKinnon set his. On Aug. 8 he drove to Charlottetown, where a friend of his ran a flying school. On Aug. 9 two Fisheries patrol boats arrived in Alberton harbor. Minutes later a light aircraft appeared overhead. McKinnon, a former RCAF fighter pilot, was at the controls.

Below him telltale dark blotches marred the soft green beauty of the sandy harbor bottom. While poachers from The Wharf watched with mounting rage, McKinnon's voice, booming from an airborne loudspeaker, sent the patrol boats scurrying about with grappling hooks. Up came 100 wooden crates, weighted with rocks. Imprisoned in them, still threshing about, were 22,500 candidates for lobster Newburg. Given an eleventh-hour reprieve, all

were taken out to sea and freed. Next day another 2,000 fresh-caught lobsters were released.

It would be a nice touch to add that the Alberton poachers, seeing the jig was up, reformed. Nice, but not true. "What do you know?" McKinnon wrote in his next report to Halifax, the Atlantic headquarters of the Department of Fisheries, "—now they're painting their crates and traps sea-green and using seaweed for camouflage!"

Today Fisheries men cite this as just another action in a long-standing war between the law, represented by their Protection Branch, and those artful dodgers of the east coast, the lobster poachers. "We'd never hunted poachers from the air before," says Forrest Watson, a lean greying Scot who is chief protection officer for the Maritimes, "but it's not surprising they figured out a defense. They've always been crafty birds."

There are solid grounds for this grudging admiration. In New Brunswick and P. E. I. where the Fisheries Department is currently trying to break a two-million-dollar black market in illegal lobsters, poachers have smuggled their undersized or out-of-season catches around in everything from milk cans and gasoline trucks to taxis and baby carriages.

**Lobster cop Ron McKinnon
matches wits with poachers
on south coast of P. E. I.
Follow him in his search
for black market lobsters ►**

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



McKinnon and assistant Ken Couglin (in checked shirt) look for illegal "shorts" cached beneath boats.



Couglin fishes out a bag of lobsters anchored below tide level to a pier at Alberton, P.E.I.



McKinnon's patrol inspects catch in this fisherman's boat. Like most lobstermen, he was obeying the laws.

They have improvised an intelligence network so ingenious that it has reached even into the office of Fisheries Minister James Sinclair.

Their war with the law has been largely a war of wits. When Fisheries men slapped a closer watch on government-licensed canneries—the natural outlet for black-market lobsters—the poachers set up their own canneries in the woods. When Fisheries aircraft began to spot these, they moved into caves carved by the sea. A recent article in *Trade News*, house organ of the Department of Fisheries, noted: "When fast boats are acquired by the Department's patrol service, faster boats seem to appear for them to chase."

Prize in the guerrilla warfare waged between the

department and the poachers is that armor-plated aristocrat of the sea, the lobster. Each year 16,000 of the 23,500 licensed fishermen in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island throw two million traps overboard in the world's busiest scramble for lobsters. Their haul brings a landed value—money in the fishermen's pockets—of \$15 millions, representing forty percent of the Maritimes' total take from the sea, and year after year the most lucrative catch on Canada's Atlantic coast.

To keep it so, most fishermen obey Fisheries regulations forbidding trapping in closed seasons and—more important from a conservation angle—prohibiting landing at any time of undersized lobsters, "shorts," as they are termed. But the

law-breaking minority is sufficiently large to hold Protection Branch officers on watch at all times.

One morning last June Fisheries Warden Russell Perry, of Tignish, P.E.I., attempted to stop a truck that was carrying fourteen hundred illegal baby lobsters. The driver stepped on the gas and tried to run him down. Wisely, Perry dove into a ditch. After a 70 mph chase by a Fisheries car, ended when the truck skidded and turned over, a second officer asked the driver where he was taking the lobsters. "You've got your gall," the driver said. "I'm no squealer!"

This was pure gangster stuff, and the trucker did three months for it. But in the lobster war this, too, was not new. One night in 1926 Fisheries Officer Agapie LeBlanc, of Buctouche, N.B., failed to return from a poacher hunt. His body floated to shore a few days later, the skull fractured. His murder is still unsolved.

Since then, other lobster cops have been assaulted, spat on, thrown overboard and shot at, but never with good aim. Patrol boats have been stoned, rammed and one, ten years ago, was burned. When Fisheries men surprised a bootleg cannery in P. E. I. in 1949, they had to subdue an irate citizen brandishing an axe.

Poachers who have lost gear and money (in fines) to lobster cops have been swift to retaliate. In 1950, while Antonio Turbide, an officer at Eel River Bridge, N.B., was about his work, intruders burned his barn, crops and livestock. Not long ago Warden Perry drove into his driveway in Tignish; barbed wire, strung loosely between the gate posts, cost him a new paint job. Four months ago two Point Sapin, N.B., men drew two years in Dorchester Penitentiary for arson. Convicted of poaching a year before, they tried to burn down the home of the man they thought had informed on them.

Variations in length of closed seasons in lobster size limits add to the problems of enforcement officers. Closed seasons range from six to ten months, differing in each of the Maritimes' ten lobster fishing districts. In some districts the size limit is about seven inches tip to tail; in others conservation-minded fishermen have voluntarily accepted a nine-inch limit.

Many fishermen, particularly in Nova Scotia, are so hipped on protecting their lobsters and letting them grow in size—and, hence, in dollar value—that they dispense their own rough justice to violators. A poacher's gear mysteriously breaks up or a man who lands shorts finds sand in his motor.

But in other parts, notably where the lower Gulf of St. Lawrence washes the southeast edge of New Brunswick and the western half of P.E.I., the gum boot is decidedly on the other foot. Here a hard core of fishermen, abetted by unscrupulous cannery operators, have built up a thriving black-market trade in poached and short lobsters. Forrest Watson estimates that the total theft for the area may run to five million pounds of lobsters and that, if so, the value to both fishermen

Continued on page 79



Grappling from patrol boat off Tignish, agents bring up a poacher's trap full of live lobsters.



This small lobster, returned to the sea by the agent, will now cast his shell, grow up and double his value.



McKinnon scans harbor to spot poachers retrieving their crates. One secured his to a wooden gull.

The Richest Woman in Town



Cora fumed as she watched the lighted
window in the big house. For she knew
that Howie was trapped
by wealthy Anna with the light-blue hair

By JAMES McNAMEE

ILLUSTRATED BY REX WOODS

THE TOWN has only one house with a copper roof, iron fretwork on the balcony and panes of violet glass above the front door. It is made of brick. Behind it is a building that was once a stable. The loft has been taken out, the stalls knocked down, the floor tilted and it has dressing rooms and a stage. Great stuff, such as *The Cherry Orchard* and *Uncle Vanya*, has been put on here successfully, for it is suspected by everyone of standing in the town that the owner of the big house would not be above enquiring into the identities of those who were, and who were not, buying tickets.

The house means much to the theatrical group who call themselves *The Mimes*. It means even more to the three hundred employees of the Hesse Brick and Tile Company, to the five hundred who work for the Hesse Gypsum Corporation, the thirty-nine in the Hesse Cold Storage Plant, and to the people who climb poles for the Hesse Light and Power. They feel that if Anna Hesse did not live there, things might not be so good in the brickyards and among the frozen carcasses in the cold-storage plant and the theatrical society.

On another street is a smaller house. It stands on a fifty-foot lot and its paint has blistered. The garden shows a solitary cypress and one ornamental pine. Howard Proctor rents it.

In the good years Howie sold cars and did well enough to get married. Then in the bad years

people started walking and Howie had persuaded an influential friend into finding him a clerkship with the Water Board.

As a municipal servant he rolled his cigarettes and carried sandwiches in a paper bag, but there never was a month when all the Proctor bills were paid. On the evening of a day when the Hesse Light and Power had phoned Mrs. Cora Proctor of their intention to discontinue service, she went to the window and looked up the slope at Anna's house. The stable was floodlit, for *The Mimes* were in action, and Cora, stung by this illumination of so much outside air, slapped the wall and said, "You turn off her water, Howie!" Howie showed Cora how he would turn off Anna's water, and described Anna coming to the City Hall with a bucket and him sneering from behind his glass cage.

Howie was a local boy, but he never met Anna until the town decided to remember its seventy-fifth birthday and honor Anton, her grandfather, who had raised a tent on the river flats to sell six barrels of whisky and a sack of peppermint bull's-eyes to the Indians. To commemorate this strongest concentration of sick Indians the west had ever seen, every male on the voters' list was expected to grow a beard and wear a red shirt. Howie started his early. When the time came he had wool on his face like Alfred Lord Tennyson, and his picture was in the paper.

Cora trimmed the picture *Continued on page 67*

Anna asked could she call him Howard. His beard without doubt was a match for the great Anton's. ►





By canoe and by foot a group of three Canadians and three friends of Canada traveled a 266-mile waterway. A chance remark at a cocktail party started it all.

We went La Vérendrye's way

By Blair Fraser

WEST FROM SUPERIOR THE ADVENTUROUS SIX TOOK THE VOYAGEURS' TRAIL



Across this almost untouched country they fought black flies and fatigue and they ate like cormorants.



The Grand Portage is so difficult horses can't be used for packing; La Vérendrye's men mutinied.



In one day on Pigeon River the paddlers hauled their canoes past five and a half miles of rapids.

For three weeks these white-collar voyageurs roughed it on the great fur trade highway real voyageurs paddled 200 years ago. They learned that Pierre de la Vérendrye, with more to carry and less to eat, could do it much faster, but they shared his discovery of an almost unknown Canada

LAST SUMMER six middle-aged sedentary workers—three of us in our forties, three in their fifties, average age 48—set out to retrace the steps of Pierre de la Vérendrye's men who discovered the fur-trade highway westward from Lake Superior.

We started as La Vérendrye did at the eight-mile portage around the rapids and falls at the foot of Pigeon River, just across the Ontario-Minnesota border. Grand Portage, it came to be called; in the heyday of the fur trade it was the meeting place each summer of 1,200 voyageurs who exchanged the winter harvest of furs from the interior for trade goods from Montreal.

We ended at Fort Frances, at the western end of Rainy Lake. La Vérendrye's men called it Fort St. Pierre; they wintered there in 1731, the first white men known to have traversed this chain of rivers and lakes over the height of land where the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are parted from the waters of Hudson Bay.

Our Z-shaped route covered 266 miles—a couple of hours by bush plane or overnight by rail from Fort William. It took us 18 days of strenuous but unhurried travel—242 miles by canoe and 24 on foot over 65 portages. They were days that began at 4 a.m., half an hour before sunrise, and ended when we crawled into sleeping bags at twilight, always tired and sometimes exhausted. They were also among the happiest days we've ever spent, days that gave us all a new awareness of Canada by bringing us into a kind of personal contact with Canada's past.

Not that this was a remarkable section, in the fur-trading days, of the great canoe route which began at Montreal and which Alexander Mackenzie and Simon Fraser finally extended all the way to the Pacific. It was commonplace then—so commonplace, in fact, that many of the early journals do not even describe it. What makes it remarkable now, a precious legacy that Canada and the United States are both trying to preserve intact, is the fact that this little stretch alone, of all the fur-trade highway, is still much as it was when Sir Alexander Mackenzie crossed it in his search for the western sea.

This is the wilderness, empty and lovely. Some stretches along these lakes and streams have never been logged; the pines that look down on the



Fraser (right) poses with U. S. wilderness expert Olson at the Grand Portage.

traveler today had already taken root when Pierre de la Vérendrye's men went through in the autumn of 1731. Here as nowhere else men of the twentieth century can feel the charm and some of the challenge the makers of Canada knew.

That's what the six of us went out to find, and we found it. We knew we would. This wasn't our first excursion together. The trip over the Grand Portage and beyond was the climax of a series that began four summers ago.

The first trip was conceived at a diplomatic cocktail party in Ottawa, of all unlikely places. Dr. Omond Solandt, chairman of the Defence Research Board, and Eric Morse, national director of the Association of Canadian Clubs, challenged three visitors from various diplomatic missions to go on a canoe trip in the Canadian bush and see what this country is really like. It was a casual remark, but it was taken seriously.

Solandt used to be a forest ranger when he was in university, and though he hadn't seen much of the outdoors in the intervening twenty years he's as strong as an ox and knows his way around in the woods. Eric Morse is a fanatical outdoorsman who'd been going on canoe trips for thirty years. I still don't know why they recruited me to be the third Canadian in the party—at that time I had never been on a canoe trip in my life.

Of the three non-Canadians on the original trip down the Gatineau Valley in 1951 two have since gone home. The only one still here is A. H. J. Lovink, the Netherlands Ambassador to Canada.

"I'm too old," he said when Eric Morse first invited him in 1951. "I'll be a drag on you fellows."

As it turned out Tony Lovink carried the biggest canoe and the heaviest pack and was the only one of the six who never complained of being tired. When I twisted an ankle on the Quetico River, during a 1953 trip through part of the same region we covered last summer, Tony carried me over the next portage piggy-back. Before we set out in 1953 he had a physical check-up; the doctor said he had the heart, circulation and general physical equipment of a man of twenty-nine. Actually he celebrated his fifty-third birthday last summer beside a campfire at Sturgeon Lake, on a rocky shelf now inscribed on our maps as Tony Island.

Lovink is now the most dedicated advocate of the Canadian wilderness you could find in all ten provinces. He spends a lot of time each winter giving illustrated lectures about it to Canadians; on a recent visit to Holland he gave the same lecture to Queen Juliana.

In this year's group the only other visitor from overseas was John Endemann, Deputy High Commissioner for South Africa. He was without question the bravest of the party.

John is only forty—"the boy," we called him—and there is little or no fat in his 195 pounds. But when he accepted our invitation to come along in place of Major-General Elliott Rodgers, General Officer Commanding at Winnipeg who couldn't come this year, John Endemann had never set foot in a canoe. The first time he ever carried one on his shoulders was the morning we started over the eight-mile Grand Portage—the portage that caused La Vérendrye's men to mutiny when they first tackled it 223 years ago. John made no complaint at the time but he admitted later that for the first three or four days he thought we were all crazy, and he the craziest of all for coming with us.

Sixth, oldest (55) and most valuable member of the 1954 party was Sigurd Olson of Ely, Minn., president of the National Parks Association of America, ecologist of the Izaak Walton League, a professional watchdog of the wilderness who spends much of his time lobbying to preserve it in Washington and in various state capitals.

Sig Olson has been a woodsman for thirty years. He worked summers as a guide when he was at university, and ran a

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Dutch ambassador Tony Lovink (right) fishes for dinner in Maligne River. They had cake mix too.



On the Dawson Road they found corduroy logs and dams rotting where a famous bride once portaged.



At Fort Frances. Tired and tanned, they bucked a storm for nine miles to reach their destination.

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN TELLS

The Surest Way to get a Job

To catch the boss' eye

you might try a team of wolfhounds, or enter swinging a

mashie, but the best

techniques for winning the job

you want are still those

your grandfather knew

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON



GATHER from the newspapers that things have tightened up and getting a job isn't as easy as it used to be. I don't suppose we're faced with a serious employment problem, but it seems to me that you young people who have had things pretty much your own way until now might be able to use some advice on how to get a job.

There's a technique to getting a job, as there is to anything else. I speak as an expert. I was in my early twenties and out of work at the outbreak of the Great Depression, when things were really tough. I'll admit that at first I didn't try too hard. I had no family to support, no serious responsibilities, a nauseating degree of self-confidence and the conviction that I had seventy-five years or so before I'd show any signs of age.

To this day it still embarrasses me a bit when someone looks at me sideways, as if peering into a dark cave, and says soberly, "What would these young fellows today do if they faced another depression?" It brings back memories of going downtown briskly in the morning, looking bright and worthy, meeting a few pals at Simpson's, making a quick survey of the girls at the perfume counter, maybe riding the escalators a few times for different views, having lunch, going to a show in the afternoon and being home in good time for supper.

But that was when even our seniors thought good times were just around the corner. When we began to sense that it might be a long windy corner and that we had to round it before we'd have enough money to get married, travel, or do any of the things we expected to do, including keeping on smoking, we started in earnest to try to get a job. And we learned how to look for one. It didn't always pay off, because there just weren't enough jobs to go around. But for that very reason, we learned it well. It was a bit like a runner training in lead boots.

One of the first rules in getting a job is this: as soon as you have something really good in the bag, forget all about it and start looking for another job. It's human nature to line up one red-hot prospect, then go home and lie down and wait for it to develop. This way you not only have a wonderful job, but you don't have to work at it, and you can go on doing the things you were doing all summer. But waiting for something terrific that will be in the bag just as soon as a Mr. So-and-So gets back from Vancouver a week from Thursday can go on for a long time, until you realize that you've waited for one wonderful job or another for a year or so.

I remember one I lined up, to run the Toronto office of a small advertising agency with a great future. The man I saw had a secretary bring me tea and biscuits in the board room, said he didn't need to see any samples of my work, implying that he could tell by just looking at me that I was a rare find, and said it was just a matter of me going to New York at the company's expense and meeting the president. He'd call me, about a week from Thursday, as soon as somebody got back from Vancouver.

I don't know what happens to people who go to Vancouver. They must strike oil or something out there. I know I waited for this man to call me for two months. I turned down three ordinary jobs in the meantime. Finally I went to see my man again. The girl at the switchboard called him and said, "It's a Mr. Allen about a job," glanced down quickly at her mouthpiece, burst out laughing, sobered up quickly and told me to go right in. He told me I must have misunderstood him; he was talking about when they opened an office in Toronto, which wouldn't be for five years yet; they needed someone with experience in banking, with a car, and anyway he was leaving the firm himself in a week to take a job with a construction company in the Yukon. He did everything but ask for the biscuits back.

I knew one young fellow named Will Hughes who waited for a job as accountant with a rubber company in Ceylon from a Thursday afternoon in 1932 until a Thursday morning in 1933, just standing around teetering on the balls of his feet, smacking his palm with his fist like a fighter getting his hands taped. He probably would be doing it yet if one morning his mother hadn't taken him downtown and got him a job. He didn't know she was doing this. He thought she was shopping. While he waited for her, smacking his palm, chuckling softly and winking at the parcel girls, his mother saw an old boy friend who ran the drugs and toiletries and Willy was pushing a truck by noon. He never quite forgave her.

These are extreme examples,

Continued on page 58



DON'T put off looking. The early bird gets a job too.



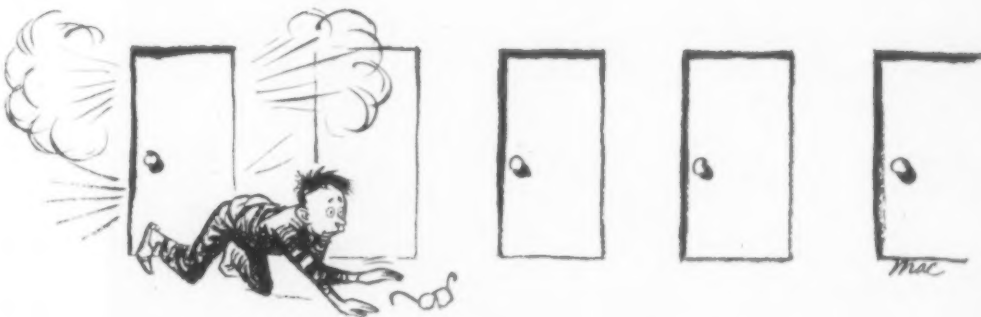
DON'T be a dupe for phony ads. Save them for laughs.



DON'T get personal. He doesn't want your life story.



DON'T pretend you're a tycoon. He won't believe it.



DON'T get discouraged. Getting a job is hard work.



THE AUTHOR AT HIS DESK TODAY:

In 1905 cars were for the adventurous . . .



. . . But now we buy horses for thrills.

BY R. S. McLAUGHLIN as told to Eric Hutton

our business between the Dominion and Standard banks.

Now that our working capital problem was eased we were ready for the expansion necessary to meet increasing orders for McLaughlin carriages. But there remained a major bottleneck: our plant was a considerable distance from the Oshawa railway freight yards. We had to load all carriages at the factory on flat wagons, with bodies on gears and wheels and shafts neatly stowed away, then team them down to the railway, unload them, and reload them on the railway cars. The streets were unpaved, deep in mud in wet weather, heavy with dust in dry weather.

The boxcars used by the railways in those days were dinky things, too small for the economical shipment of carriages. So we loaded our carriages twenty-five at a time on flat cars, which were much longer than boxcars, and we kept a crew of men building "houses" right over the carriages, closing them in solidly. It was a costly, time-wasting way of getting our products from factory to purchaser.

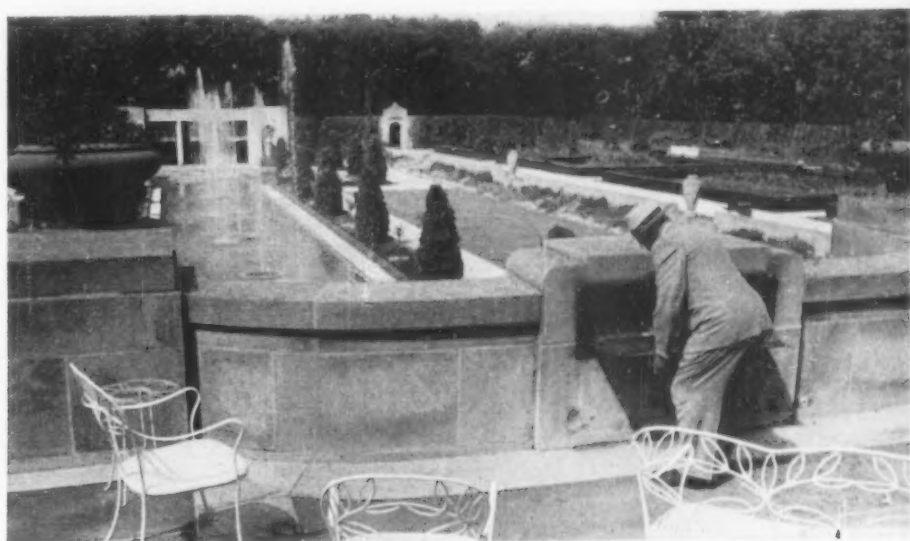
Then came Oshawa's great street-railroad issue. The Rathburn Company of Deseronto wanted to build a railway through Oshawa for the benefit of the town's industries. There was strong opposition, speeches for and against, friends quarrelling with lifelong friends over the issue. Finally it was put to a vote—and the railway won. I was all in favor of the railway, of course, but I feel that the town was pretty generous in allowing the railway to use so many streets. It was being done in many other towns, however, as the only answer to the transport problem when a town grew up around an industry or group of industries, as so often happened. I don't suppose the problem will ever arise again, with industries becoming more and more decentralized and truck transport supplementing railways to a large extent.

The breaking of this shipping bottleneck soon led to one even more serious. The McLaughlin Carriage Company finally reached the point where it could not add another foot of badly needed work space to the crowded

Continued on page 36



In 1899 the McLaughlins were wiped out by fire. Oshawa loaned them \$50,000.



Today, all storms behind him, McLaughlin switches on his illuminated fountains.



While his factory poured out war vehicles McLaughlin saved gas by driving a horse.



The Massacre at Lachine

The Iroquois came with the summer storm and plunged the sleeping village into a bath of blood. Then a bumbling governor held his soldiers back while a hundred men, women and children were leisurely burned at the stake

THE WHITE AND THE GOLD



Part Fourteen

BY THOMAS B. COSTAIN



At dawn the fiends herded their victims into canoes. Some citizens had turned their guns on their own families to save them from a far worse fate.

THE NIGHT of Aug. 4, 1689, was hot and close. The good people of Lachine, before retiring for the night, studied the black clouds above them and averred there would be trouble before morning. Perhaps they shuddered at the same time, for in their minds there was always something analogous between storm signals and the black cloud of fear which hung over all of New France.

Lachine had changed since it had been La Salle's seigneurie, thus named by the people of Montreal, derisively, because of the young explorer's consuming ambition to find a passage to the Orient. Settlers had moved in and houses had sprung up along the shore of Lake St. Louis. It had become, indeed, the most populous outpost of Montreal. The people were landowners and, in the main, prosperous. A surgeon had taken up his quarters in the little village; the curé paid regular visits. Montreal, which claimed a population of two thousand, talked of the day when it would envelop Lachine. In the meantime, to provide protection for the south shore of the island, there were three garrisoned stockades in close proximity, La Présentation, Rémy and Roland.

The storm broke some hours before dawn. It swept across Lake St. Louis with claps of thunder to announce its coming and almost in a moment

there was a pounding of hailstones on the snug little houses. Householders roused themselves and stumbled about in the dark to see that everything was closed. Some of them were up and about, therefore, when there came to their ears a sound foreign to the sharp cracking of the thunder and infinitely more terrible: the high, maniacal screech of the Iroquois battle cry. The lane running crookedly between the rows of houses was filled with naked warriors armed to the teeth, their heads close shaved, their faces smeared with ceremonial paint.

Fifteen hundred warriors had taken advantage of the storm to cross Lake St. Louis and had arrived on the heels of the first downpour of hail. It was said later by some of the survivors that many of the heads of families, knowing that help could not reach them in time, turned their guns first on their wives and children to save them from a much worse fate, and that when the maddened invaders broke into the houses they found that death had been before them in the dark. Those who died in this way and even the many who were butchered in the first onslaught, were lucky. After a few minutes of indis-

criminate slaughter, during which men and women were cut down by knives and tomahawks and the brains of children were dashed out against door-frames and bedposts, the attacking braves gave thought to a still greater pleasure than this orgy of vengeful killing. In all the villages of the Finger Lakes the stakes had been raised and the fagots piled. Prisoners must be provided for the nights of torture which always followed victory. The people of Lachine, devout, kindly and industrious, must supply this need of victims.

Three miles along the crooked road, on the way to Montreal, was an encampment of two hundred regular soldiers who had been sent out from France to aid in the defense of the colony. By an unfortunate twist of fate the officer in charge had gone to Montreal the evening before to attend a reception for Governor Denonville, who had just arrived there. The officer's name was Subercase and he was a bold and resourceful soldier, as subsequent events would show. If he had been with his men when the blow fell, he would have hurried to the assistance of the unfortunate people and there might have been a different story to tell.

The camp was aroused at four o'clock by the ominous boom of a cannon from one of the three forts. This could mean one Continued on page 44

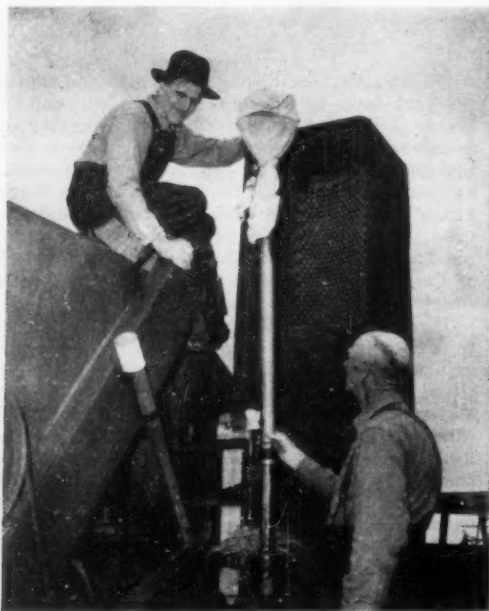
Illustrated by Franklin Arbuckle

How a Blind Man Runs His Farm



Emil Strand gallops across his Saskatchewan farm to the watering trough. Even some close neighbors find it hard to remember that he's been blind since 1929.

With instinct, sheer strength and rare courage Emil Strand overcame a staggering handicap. He can chop wood, drive fence posts



Strand (left) has little fear of machinery. His old friend Alex Strubeck is only sighted person on farm.



Fence posts are no problem. Strand can hammer nails straight; he depends on the sound of the blow.

BY ROBERT COLLINS

PHOTOS BY MIKE KESTERTON

EVERY morning at 5.30 Emil Strand, a thick-shouldered fifty-three-year-old Saskatchewan farmer, scrambles from his bed, swallows a hasty breakfast and jogs with restless energy across the hundred yards of prairie between his farmhouse and barn.

He climbs through a barbed-wire fence, milks five cows, feeds a half-dozen calves, turns the cattle out to pasture and leads his long-horned red bull to the watering trough. Then he harnesses a team of frisky horses, cleans the stables and hauls the manure away in a wagon. After that he's apt to slip a bridle on the mare Polly and ride bareback two and a half miles west to visit his neighbor, Archie Taylor.

In the past twenty-five years Strand has often traveled this hilly dirt road but even now, as he gallops by, his neighbors wag their heads in admiration. Emil Strand is blind.

In 1929 when Strand was 28 his vision, which had been weak since birth, failed completely. He had no education and farming was his only trade. On a prairie farm a blind man is liable to plunge



In Assiniboia's Imperial Bank, Jack Hooper helps Strand endorse a grain cheque.



Cattle grader Jim Pittendrigh, of Regina, gives official okay to Strand's bull.



Learning Braille was "harder than pitching sheaves." The Bible comes first.

and stook long straight rows of sheaves. He even rides his horses bareback at full gallop

headlong into barbed-wire fences, lose his way in 160-acre fields and cripple himself around power machinery or skittish livestock. The rumor circulated that Strand would enter an institution.

What happened then is a story often retold in his home town of Readlyn—the story of how he kept his independence. Since Strand feared institutions more than any farmyard perils he stayed to prove that a blind man—given rare courage, instinct and physical strength—can run a farm. His twenty head of cattle and three hundred acres of wheat and pasture land are now debt-free. His only helpers are his 64-year-old sister Lena who keeps house and who is also blind, and a lifetime friend, 76-year-old Alex Strubeck, who tends whatever jobs Strand can't handle.

There are few such jobs. Strand chops wood, patches fences, shovels grain, repairs machinery and pitches hay. He drives fence posts with a heavy maul, and hammers nails as accurately as men with normal sight. At harvest time he builds wheat sheaves into stooks. This involves picking up scattered sheaves and propping them, butt end down, into a tepee shape which sheds rain and snow. Strand sometimes misses a few sheaves as he moves along the field, but neighbors say his stook rows are straighter than theirs.

In the evening he rounds up cattle on horseback, guided by the tinkle of a bell on the lead cow's neck. He herds them into the barn and moves

from stall to stall, clapping a hand to each rump to make sure they've all come home. His constant companion Rover, half collie, half German shepherd, rounds up strays that elude Strand but the dog is never his guide. Sometimes Strand plods about the fields on foot. He claims he has lost his way only once. That time the wind, from which he'd been taking his bearings, changed suddenly, confusing him.

He lets his helper Strubeck operate machinery, with its dangerous whirling belts and gears. But Strubeck, ailing with diabetes, leaves the other chores to Emil. Sometimes Strand does handle machinery. In 1945 when hired men were scarce he mounted the binder, a machine which cuts grain and ties it into sheaves. The job is not dangerous but calls for a quick hand and eye. One lever must be manipulated to raise the cutting blade over stones and bumps, or lower it to catch short stands of wheat. Another lever regulates a rotating wooden reel which bends the standing grain in against the blade. A third trips a mechanism which dumps bunches of finished sheaves on the field.

To manage all this Strand used his own hands and Strubeck's eyesight. Strubeck, driving the tractor which tows the binder, tied a length of twine to Strand's arm and relayed signals. One jerk meant "Raise the cutter knife"; two meant "Trip the bundle carrier" and so on.

"We did a slick job,"

Continued on page 68



Lena, Strand's 64-year-old sister, has been blind for fifty years. She cooks, keeps house for the men.



ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

A CAGE





As long as he believed he was a bird

he was harmless.

Then the law decided it was time to cure him

E FOR THE BIRD MAN

By David Stuart

"HE'LL SHOW UP THIS SPRING," Becker was saying. "I'll guarantee he'll show—right along with the other birds."

"Here we go again," Moreau sighed, shrugging his shoulders.

At the time four of us were sitting in the Café des Deux Magots, and Becker had finally switched the conversation to his favorite topic—the Bird Man. I was the only one who hadn't yet seen the marvelous creature, so Becker's performance was chiefly for my benefit. And what a performance! Not that the other two, Moreau and Augier, were any less insistent about the Bird Man's existence—they were just less theatrical. Becker punctuated his tale by cocking his head, hopping about the café—even climbing over the tables, if not prevented—and blasting out shrill rooklike caws. After each blast we'd see at least one café-sitter pick himself off the floor. It was ear-splitting entertainment, no mistake about that.

When we'd leave the café Becker would waltz me across the street and into the St. Germain des Prés churchyard to point out the spot where the Bird Man would appear. Now the yard was grim and bleak, the wooden benches colder than pump handles on your tongue, the trees bare.

"But spring," Becker reminded me, "is only three months off."

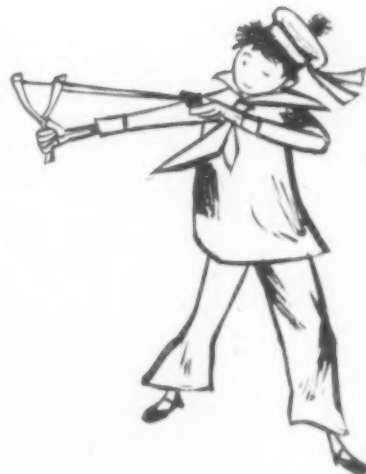
Once a day for those three months I heard the tale of the Bird Man. Each time it was embroidered a bit more, but with each hearing I believed a bit more. The idea of a man's insanity taking the harmless twist of making him a bird fascinated me. So when the cold finally let up I began spending much of my time hanging around the churchyard. Becker was busy painting, getting ready a spring show. Even so, he managed to drop by several times a day to make sure my interest didn't flag.

"Patience, lad," he'd say. "He'll come on, brother, like the apocryphal roc!"

And one day he did.

I was alone in the yard, scratching some notes on the back of an envelope, when I suddenly heard a loud chirping. I looked up to see the Bird Man hopping along Rue de l'Abbaye, coming for the churchyard. He hopped through the gate and on to the far end of the yard where he went on chirping. And almost at once the air was filled with birds—thousands of them. They settled around him. They covered the ground like a patchwork quilt. It looked as if the bird life of Paris had turned

Continued on next page



Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

ON THE WATERFRONT: A superb director (Elia Kazan) and a hard-hitting writer (Budd Schulberg) have come up with a powerful and fascinating study of lawless violence around the docks of New York. Marlon Brando as a gentle-hearted bruiser, Eva Marie Saint as his convent-bred sweetheart, Lee J. Cobb as a ruthless dockside racketeer and Karl Malden as a militant priest are in the fine cast. The film either ignores or oversimplifies many of the background facts of waterfront economics, but from one moment to the next it grips the imagination. A winner.

THE FINAL TEST: A pleasant, although sometimes faltering, comedy from Britain. It's about an ageing cricket hero (Jack Warner) whose son is more devoted to poetry than to athletics. Robert Morley is very funny as a spluttery intellectual who takes the boy in hand.

THE GOLDEN COACH: Italy's high-voltage actress Anna Magnani and French director Jean Renoir join forces in a confused but lively and enjoyable farce-fantasy. The fanciful plot defies synopsis here.

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY: There is plenty of tension toward the finish of this widely read tale of a crippled airliner and its crew and passengers. But most of the characters are banal "types," what they say is often uncomfortably corny, and the bash-and-bam background music keeps ruining the realism of the story. In CinemaScope, with a multi-star cast topped by co-pilot John Wayne.

THE STUDENT PRINCE: CinemaScope meets Romberg, royal lover meets barmaid, in a wide-screen musical co-starring Edmund Purdom and Ann Blyth. The prince's tenor voice actually belongs to the invisible Mario Lanza. His top notes sound a bit strained now, but the schmaltzy old songs are still hummable.

Gilmour's Guide

LEGEND

POOR ☐ FAIR * GOOD **
EXCELLENT *** TOPS *

- | | |
|--|---|
| * About Mrs. Leslie: Drama. | ** Loophole: Crime drama. |
| *** Apache: Indian western. | * The Love Lottery: Comedy. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bad for Each Other: Drama. | ** The Maggie: British comedy. |
| *** The Big Heat: Crime drama. | * Make Haste to Live: Drama. |
| * The Bigamist: Drama. | ** Man With a Million: Comedy. |
| *** Captain's Paradise: Comedy. | * Marlag 'O' Prison Camp: Drama. |
| * Carnival Story: Sexy melodrama. | ** Men of the Fighting Lady: War. |
| * Dangerous Mission: Suspense. | ** Miami Story: Crime drama. |
| * Dial M for Murder: Suspense. | ** New Faces: C'Scope revue. |
| * Doctor in the House: Comedy. | *** Night People: Espionage drama. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Duffy of San Quentin: Drama. | * The Pickwick Papers: Comedy. |
| *** Executive Suite: Drama. | * Prince Valiant: Adventure. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Flame and the Flesh: Drama. | * Red Garters: Western comedy. |
| * Front Page Story: Press drama. | * Rhapsody: Drama plus music. |
| * Garden of Evil: CinemaScope outdoor drama. | <input type="checkbox"/> Riding Shotgun: Western. |
| ** Gypsy Colt: Farm-life drama. | *** Riot in Cell Block 11: Prison drama. |
| * Hell Below Zero: Adventure. | * River of No Return: Western. |
| * Hell's Half Acre: Drama. | * Rose Marie: Musical. |
| * Highway Dragnet: Murder drama. | * Scotch on the Rocks: Comedy. |
| *** Hobson's Choice: Comedy. | * She Couldn't Say No: Comedy. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Indiscretion of an American Wife: Infidelity drama. | * Siege at Red River: Western. |
| *** It Should Happen to You: New York satirical drama. | *** The Stratford Adventure: Documentary on Shakespeare Festival. |
| ** Johnny Dark: Race-car drama. | ** Tennessee Champ: Ring comedy. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Johnny Guitar: Western drama. | ** Them!: Science-fiction thriller. |
| * The Kidnappers: Drama. | * Three Coins in the Fountain: C'Scope romantic drama. |
| *** Knock on Wood: Comedy. | ** Top Banana: Burlesque comedy. |
| *** The Living Desert: Wildlife. | * Witness to Murder: Suspense. |
| * Living It Up: Comedy. | ** You Know What Sailors Are: British comedy. |
| * The Long Wait: Mystery. | |

out for his welcome.

He was a tall, gaunt man with piercing blue-black eyes that darted about like gnats around a rotting pear. The pupils were tremendous and looked artificially dilated. A knife-edge aquiline nose hooked over his thin, too red lips, and they were constantly pursed because he never stopped chirping. His fingers were long and brittle and the few nails not broken off short were cardboard thick and yellow. Over his thin shoulders he wore a cape of mousseline into which were woven feathers of a hundred different species of birds. Dirty chicken feathers were set beside fine ostrich plumes, duck beside egret, sparrow beside oriole, until the whole was a wild and crazy collection of colors and sizes. From his feather-covered, short cotton pants shot a pair of bony, knotty-kneed, hairy legs. And around his ankles and covering his bare feet dangled rings of feathers like those worn in certain native dances. He topped off this costume with a tuft of quetzal tail feathers thrust into his shaggy matted black hair.

Crouched down, sort of sitting on his heels, with the feathered cape covering him, he really looked like a monstrous bird—like something out of Chagall by way of Roquefort. And the amazing thing was that the birds accepted him. He moved among them chirping and clucking. He was one of them.

"How about the phoenix!" Becker shouted to me. He was coming full tilt across the street carrying a loaf of bread in each hand. "He's the eagle! The king of birds!"

"He's that," I agreed. I took one of the loaves and set to work tearing it to crumbs. "But the king's blown his stack."

"Insane, you mean? He's the only sane creature in the world today!" Becker bellowed.

There couldn't have been more than a split second between Becker's bellow and the Bird Man's leap. He went high into the air, his cape spread like wings across his arms. And the birds rose with him, fluttering overhead until in some mysterious manner he signaled that danger had passed, when they returned to his feet.

"God! . . ." Becker breathed ecstatically.

By now the churchyard was filled with spectators, and a good hundred more were hanging on the surrounding iron fence. This group kept changing as the big green buses stopped at the corner to take some away and leave a new lot. A number of cars had lined up along the curb, the people standing on the fenders and engine hoods the better to see. Augier and Moreau elbowed their way through this crowd and stood beside us.

"You ought to stuff him," Augier said, "and stick him in the next surrealist show."

"Get lost!" Becker cracked. He placed the last crumb of his loaf in the middle of his palm and held it toward the Bird Man. "Here, birdie, birdie, birdie," he called softly.

Augier let out a howl you might have heard twenty kilometers up the Seine. "Birdie, birdie! Holy Jesus! You're both lunatics!"

The Bird Man cocked his head at us. Then he threw out his arms and flapped his feathered cape and the birds went into the air making a sound like the beating of waves on rocks. With a final glance at us he climbed onto the fence, dropped to the sidewalk, and hopped off down the street. He was out of sight in a very few seconds.

"You big-lip!" Becker yelled. "You've scared him off, you and your goddamn laughter!" He was as sore

as a Breton would be if you stood off and heaved rocks at his calvary.

Becker actually holds birds in high awe, subscribing to all the mystical flapdoodle about them. In his paintings the *Good in Man* is represented by bird forms: he paints birds in battle, birds attacking and whipping the hell out of men, amorous birds, and birds of God. For all that, he wasn't sore very long. Before we got out of the yard he was happily bombarding us with his theory about how the earth evolved from the mundane egg.

In the next two months I saw quite a bit of the Bird Man. As the days grew warmer he came more often to the churchyard until by the end of June he was doing three shows a week. Moreau's and Augier's interests fell off early. But Becker was with me whenever he could spare an afternoon from his painting. It wasn't long before the Bird Man recognized me. He'd hop up and squat at my feet, cocking his head and looking at me with one bright eye as he snapped up the crumbs I held in my hand. I believe he liked me better than he did Becker. Becker was overboard in his sympathy. He bent backwards too far trying to make him a friend. The Bird Man would suffer it just so long, then hop away to his feathered pals. Personally, I preferred him to stand a ways off. He smelled pretty sour—like the bottom of a bird cage.

As far as I could tell he spoke no language, unless you can call clucks, chirps, quacks and gobbles a language. I tried him with the couple I know, and even read him a chapter from the Koran in the original. For this splendid effort he awarded me an earful of bird whistles. I finally tried cursing. I dumped a load on him that would have made the most inarticulate idiot, and particularly one the size of the Bird Man, knock my ears down. He took it all like so much birdseed.

FOR THE next month or so nothing particular happened. Then one roasting hot day in the middle of July the roof fell in. There were four people in the churchyard that day—the Bird Man, a middle-aged father, his noisy little son, and myself. The boy was dressed in a sailor outfit and was armed with a variety of rickety toys—mechanical autos, tanks and boats, a shovel and a pail (which from time to time he filled with gravel and dumped into his father's shoes), and a slingshot. The Bird Man and his flock kept a weather eye on the child and stayed well to the far end of the yard. The streets were empty except for a policeman who spent most of his time by the fountain, dipping his handkerchief in the water and mopping his red face. The sidewalk cafes on the shady side of St. Germain were packed; on the sunny side they were empty. I had some time before given up the idea of writing and was now half-dozing in the sun. I couldn't quite get to sleep because each time I was about to drop off the brat wound up one of his toys and sent it careening and rattling over the gravel. And each time the birds flew into the trees where they waited until the spring motor died and the Bird Man called them back.

Nevertheless, it could have been an agreeable afternoon had not the brat suddenly tired of his toys and taken up the slingshot. He singled out a bird that had hopped away from the others, loaded his slingshot, and proceeded to

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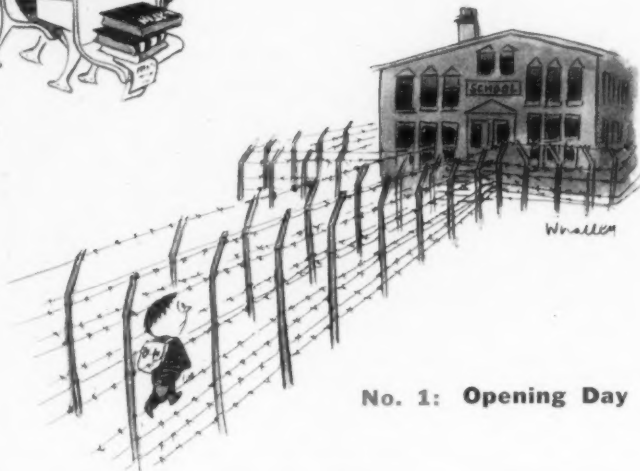
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I Remember School Days

By PETER WHALLEY



No. 1: Opening Day

stalk the bird like a big-game hunter after lion. I watched out of partly closed eyes as he pulled back on the rubber bands, never dreaming he'd fire. I noticed that the Bird Man had hopped out of his flock and was watching nervously as the bands stretched farther and farther.

And suddenly the big-game hunter let go. There was a dull thud and the bird rolled over, its legs thrust into the air like the picture of Cock Robin in a children's book.

"I got him, papa!" the hunter squealed, dancing about like a redskin.

What happened next happened so fast I couldn't move for amazement. First the Bird Man pounced on the boy and with one whack sent him tumbling senselessly along the path. When he stopped rolling his legs didn't stick up at all. They just flopped out like broken twigs. Then the Bird Man turned on the father, his arms whirling like blades of an electric fan. He was punching and clawing and pounding the fellow's face all at the same time. And for the first time he spoke. All the while he belabored the father he filled the air with robust oaths, and in a voice as shrill and penetrating as a peacock's. Everything he said was something I had once said to him.

Now the Bird Man had the father on the ground and was kicking him into insensibility. Just as I started across to help the man, the red-faced policeman came roaring through the gate swinging his white night stick. He clipped the Bird Man squarely on the head, smashing the tuft of quetzal feathers and sending him on his face.

I grabbed the boy's pail, raced across the street and filled it at the fountain. I wiped the boy's ear where the Bird Man had clouted him, and cleaned the gravel from his face. Not wanting to move him for fear he might be internally banged up I left him and started in on the groaning father.

"I'm going to call the wagon," the policeman said. "You stay here and see that fool doesn't escape." He ran across the street to the café and came back in a moment and we both worked on the father. By the time the wagon arrived both father and son had come to. But not the Bird Man. He was still face down in the gravel, his feathered cape covering his head. The

brat was wandering around the yard rubbing his ear and bawling like a wounded calf. I wished the Bird Man had hit him harder. The father's eyes, puffy and swollen, were slowly closing. His face was pulped and his clothes hung in ribbons. A mess.

The *flic* and the wagon driver carried the Bird Man out of the yard and dumped him into the wagon. After taking all of our names they drove off for the station.

"Can you and the boy get home?" I asked.

"I think so," he mumbled through thick blue lips. With that they left, the brat still bellowing and the father stumbling along.

I LOOKED about the yard. It was littered with feathers, and the boy's toys, like playthings forgotten when snow falls, were partly buried beneath them. I took a last look at the dead bird. Its legs were still sticking up in the air. Then I went across to the café and had a double belt of Courvoisier.

The next morning Becker and I went to the police station. Becker was pretty much broken up over the mess the Bird Man had got himself into. And he was sore as hell at the father and son. "He ought to have killed them both, murdering a bird. The lousy pigs . . ."

We asked at the desk what had happened to the Bird Man.

"He was taken to an asylum last night. He should have been in one years ago. Imagine, beating a small child."

"Should have used a blunt weapon," Becker muttered.

"Sir? . . ."

A heavy-set, moustached chief walked in. "Gentlemen. I heard you from my office. I'm on my way to his rooms. Want to come along?"

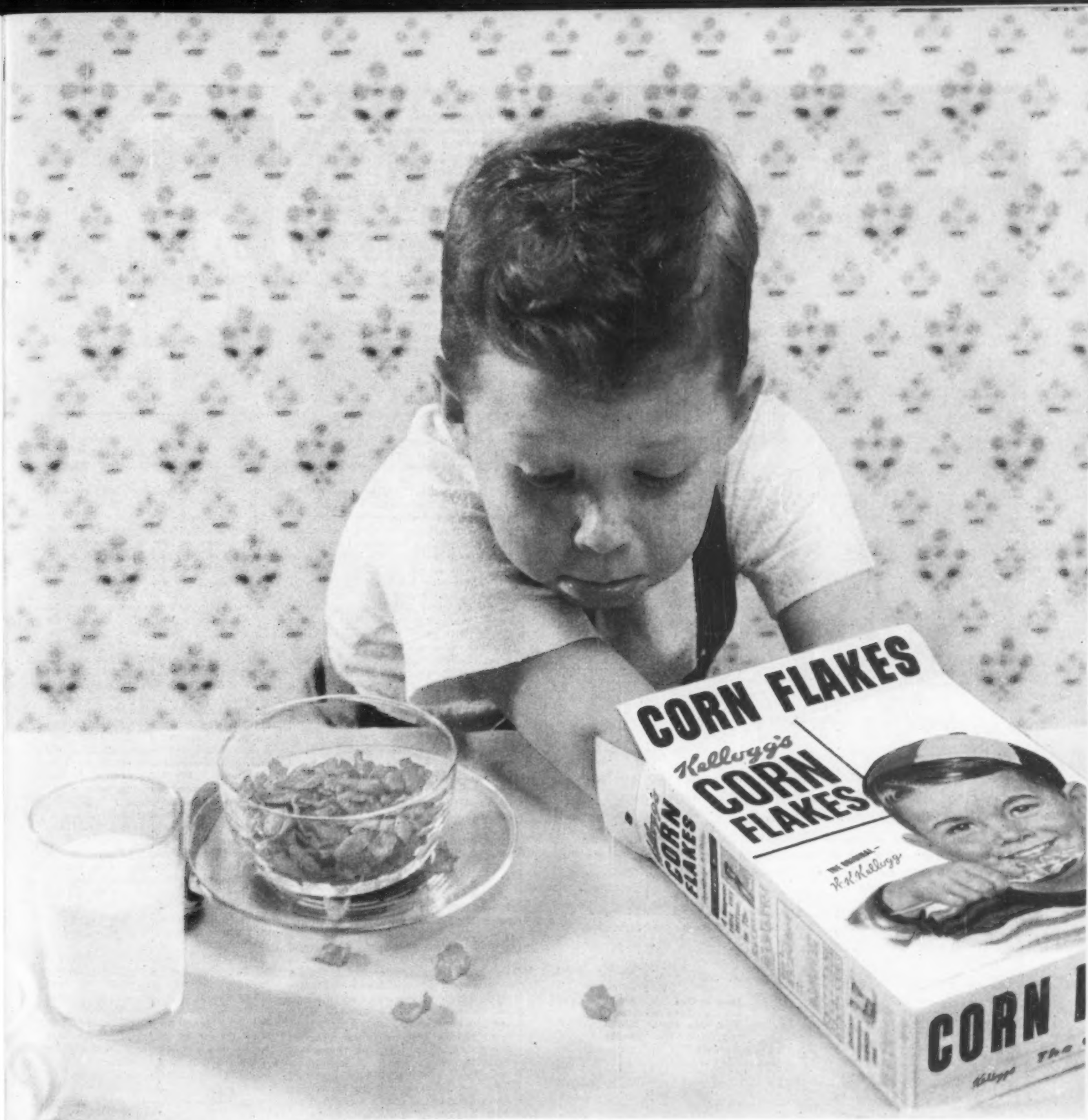
Indeed we did.

We climbed into the chief's Peugeot and drove down Rue de Rennes, past the churchyard, and turned into Rue de l'Abbaye. Then we drove into Rue de Furstenberg and just beyond the Delacroix atelier we pulled up before an ancient moldy white building.

"He lives here?"

"Lived," the chief corrected.

"How did you know?" Becker asked.



"Is that all?" Two-fisted little fire engines like this are one of the little reasons why more families ran out of Kellogg's Corn Flakes this morning than any other cereal. The big reason it happens every day is this: Kellogg's Corn Flakes just naturally taste best to more people. Always have. Still do. So naturally, it's a good idea to pick up a spare package of Kellogg's Corn Flakes every time you buy any cereal of any kind.

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"I thought no one knew where he lived."

"We've watched him for years. A funny character—up to now, that is . . . Let's go. It's on the top floor. A good hike. Watch the stairs, they're about to collapse."

We smelled the room three floors below. And when the chief kicked open the door the stinks roared out like wild beasts, all but tumbling us down the staircase to the rez-de-chaussée. The room was matchbox in size. The faded blue walls were painted with black stripes running up and across the ceiling where they converged in the centre at the lightless socket. The washstand was covered with a dirty white oilcloth and shaped to resemble the porcelain drinking well in a bird cage. On the opposite wall a similar oilcloth well was partly filled with stale bread crusts. The floor was covered by a layer of dirt and crumbs and filth three centimeters deep. The room was truly a bird cage on a grand scale—and smelled like one that hadn't been cleaned since the Upper Jurassic. The chief and I held our noses, but Becker was absolutely beside himself with joy.

"It's incredible!" He went about the room poking into the wells, picking up scraps and feathers, thoroughly enjoying himself in the crud. "Lautremont, Ernst . . ." he said, waving his arms above his head. "Neither of them ever dreamed up anything like this. He's the brain—the master!"

"Let's get the hell out of the brain's nest," the chief said, sounding like he had a summer cold. We had to drag Becker with us. Had the chief let him, I'm sure he would have moved in and set up housekeeping.

During the next four months Becker and I made it a point to look in on the churchyard at least once a day. But the Bird Man was never there. His room had been boarded up and a sign reading *Closed By Order Of The Police* nailed to the door, the same sign, by the way, as used to close a brothel. We made enquiries at the police station: "Can't you at least tell us what's happened to him?" They couldn't. The case was closed. The papers mislaid, or lost. No, they didn't know in which asylum he was—or even whether he was still in one. No . . .

Then one day in the early part of November, when we'd almost given him up forever, we saw him once again. It was a lovely day, a hang-over from summer. The sun was bright and warm and a few drying leaves still clung grimly to their branches. Becker and I were sprawled out on the benches in the churchyard sopping up this last bit of sunshine. Two children rolled hoops around our benches and over our feet, but when we didn't provoke they shrugged and let us alone. I must have been dozing because when I heard the sound of footsteps on the gravel I sat up with a start. A tall, gaunt man dressed in a cheap blue serge suit was just sitting down on the bench opposite mine. I didn't recognize him until he looked up. Then I saw his eyes. The pupils were no longer so large, but they were still a piercing blue-black. And no one could have mistaken his nose, knife-edge thin and hooked like a macaw's beak over his mouth. For a moment he stared at me as though trying to place me. Then he looked down at the ground. I nudged Becker.

"Huh? . . ."

I nodded toward the man on the bench.

He rubbed his eyes. "It's him, it's him," he whispered excitedly.

"Shhh! . . ."

For some time we all sat quietly, the man lifting his eyes to us only once.



A few birds were hopping about the yard, but they went no closer to him than to us. The attraction was no longer there.

It was about this time that I noticed him suddenly sit rigidly on the bench and follow with his eyes a fat little sparrow. No part of the man moved but his eyes. They were like hunters hidden behind the blind of his body. Meanwhile the sparrow came jauntily up the path. Finally it stopped and cocking its head looked first at the man, then at us. Very slowly the man took from a pocket a crust of bread. He tore off a bit and held it out to the sparrow. The bird eyed the crumb, then hopped over and pecked at it.

I didn't even see his hand close. It worked as if by a hair trigger, because suddenly there the sparrow was in his fist, twisting its head this way and that, chirping like mad. The man held it up and stared into its frightened eyes. I didn't look at Becker. But I could feel his tenseness as he sat forward on the bench. We were absolutely fascinated, like snakes by the fakir.

Seconds passed.

The sparrow chirped wildly.

Then as suddenly as the hand had snapped shut to trap the bird, it snapped once again. There was a sound like the crushing of an empty matchbox, and the sparrow's head fell limply over the man's thumb. Then silence—except for the pounding of Becker's furious heart. I put my hand on his arm to stop him from leaping on the man.

The Bird Man looked up, his face set and unsmiling. Very slowly he got to his feet and holding the dead sparrow out like a rare gift came across to me and dropped it in my hands. I looked up into his eyes. They were no longer piercing. Now they were a weak watery-blue, and slightly moist. A little drop of water on the tip of his nose sparkled in the sunlight. ★

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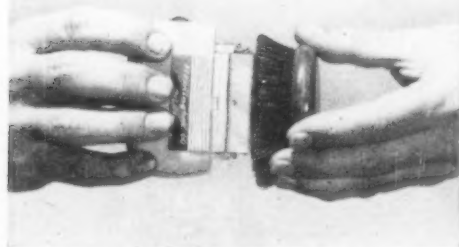
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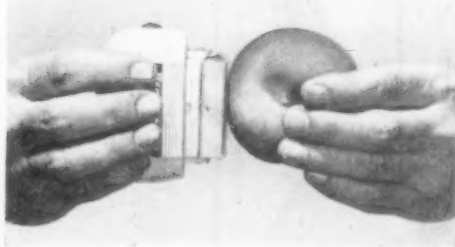


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How the Auto Beat the Horse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

buildings on the half-lot my father had bought twenty years before. We either had to move or hold down production.

Looking for new quarters, we considered a much bigger factory which had been built by the Hon. T. N. Gibbs to manufacture furniture. That business failed and the building had been taken over by the Heaps Manufacturing Company, another furniture concern, which also failed, leaving the building empty. We made an unusual deal for that building, trading in our old plant on it. We were warned by some people that the building was "jinxed," and by others that we were biting off more than we could chew.

"You will be lost in that big building," people told us. "You'll have to rent out some of it." But in two years we were up to our usual tricks: we were busy building extensions.

In 1896 we spread further by opening our first branch office in Saint John, N.B., where our carriages had become popular. My brother George went down there for several months to open this, our first branch away from home, and he did a splendid job of organizing our business in the lower provinces. Later we established similar branches in Montreal, London, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and other cities.

As I look back on those last years of the 19th century I think I can honestly say that I was the busiest young man in North America. After I returned from "testing my apprenticeship" in the U. S. I became foreman of the upholstery shop for a year or two. Then I went into the office and, in addition to handling my share of the business end, I became the designer for all McLaughlin carriages. It was to be one of my jobs—and my real labor of love—for the next twenty-five years, on all our early automobiles as well as the carriages.

Years before I had wanted, among other things, to become a draftsman, and had taken a correspondence course in it. But when I wanted to go off and learn the profession seriously the Governor put his foot down. "If I want a draftsman," he said, "I can get a draftsman. I want you to stay here and learn the business."

Now I think he was glad that he had someone with some training in design in the family, the way the carriage business was developing. Today a motor manufacturer who puts out half

a dozen different basic body designs feels he is offering a full line, and he is. But at the turn of the century, to keep abreast and ahead of the stiff competition, McLaughlin's was offering no fewer than 143 separate body designs of carriages and sleighs, with new models in many types every year.

Every part of the country had its own ideas about the carriages it wanted. Quebec wanted Concord bodies, for example, but Ontario preferred square boxlike bodies. The Northwest and other frontier areas must have their buckboards and democats. Then there was the city stuff, phaetons, stanhopes and fringe-top surreys. The Maritimes insisted on the fanciest designs of all. We were developing an export business too; Australia was buying our carriages. Road carts, the simplest type of conveyance then in existence, two-wheeled and low in price, were in great demand not only locally but in South America as well. Once we shipped five hundred road carts on one vessel bound for South America, then received a message from the buyer: "Ship lost with all carts; please repeat the order immediately."

Rules to Keep a Buggy

It was quite a job to keep up with the plant's demand for all those different designs. Often I would work until well after midnight, trying out new ideas in design and throwing a dozen or more into the wastebasket until I got just the lines that suited me. Then next day at the plant I would draw the new designs and all the components of the carriage on a big blackboard. The foremen of the various departments would work from those blackboard drawings to make prototypes of the new models and then the whole plant would be geared to put them into production.

The automobile generation, which recognizes the buggy in sweet old-fashioned songs, may think of it as the simplest form of machinery; but to us and to our customers it was a complex mechanism requiring considerable maintenance. Here, for example, are the first two of a dozen "Rules for the care and preservation of wagons and carriages" we issued in 1896:

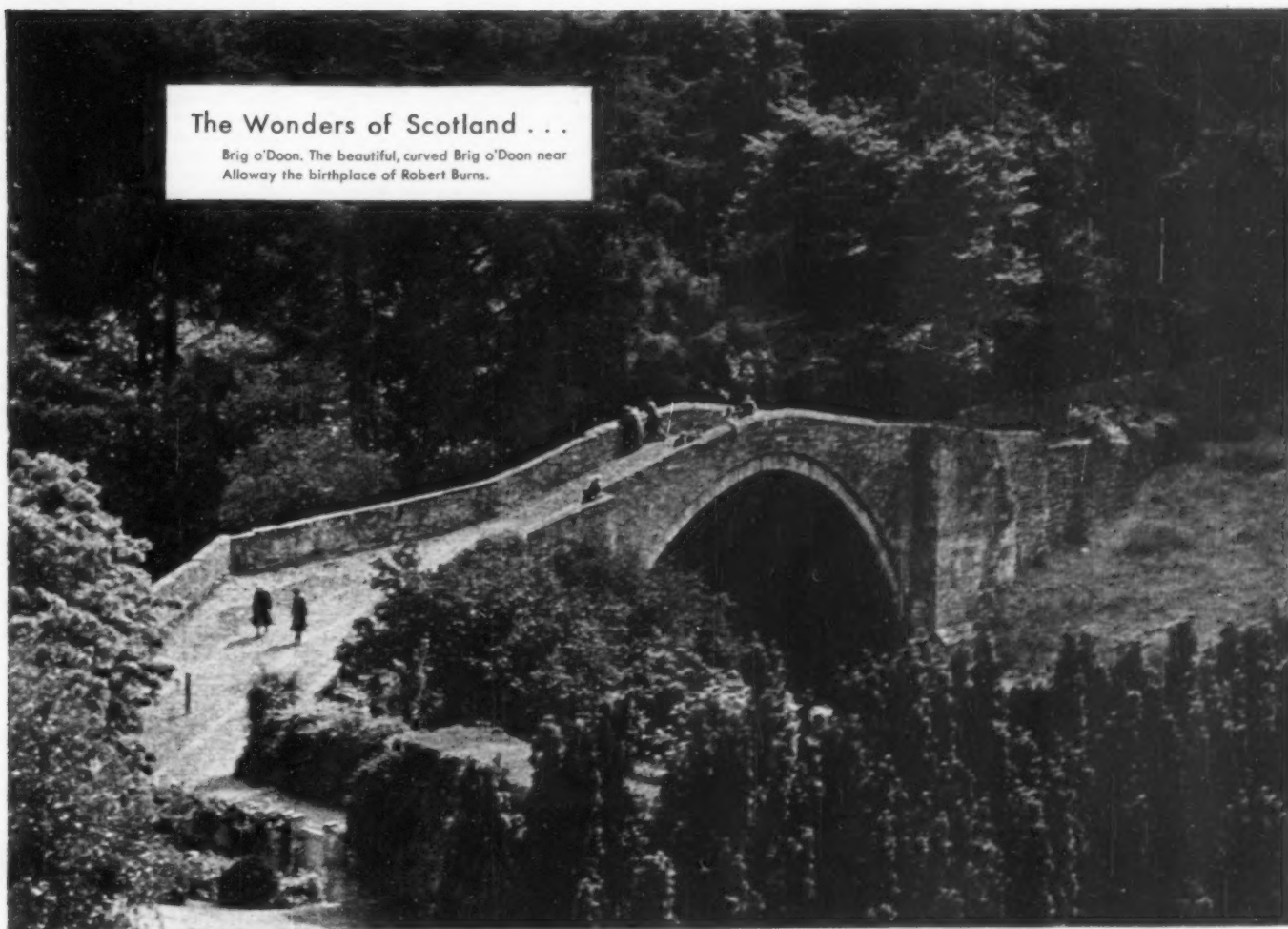
Carriages should be kept in an airy, dry coach house. There should be a moderate amount of light, otherwise the colors will be affected. The windows should be curtained to avoid having direct sunlight strike upon the carriage.

There should be no communication between the stable and the coach house. The manure pit should be



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located as far away from the coach house as possible. Ammonia fumes crack and destroy varnish, and fade the colors of both painting and lining. Also avoid having a carriage stand near a brick wall, as the dampness from the wall will fade the colors and destroy the varnish.

Owners of new carriages were advised that "it is better for it to stand for a few days, and to be frequently washed and dried off before being used. Frequent washings with cold water and exposure to fresh air will help to harden and brighten the finish."

Mechanical maintenance of a carriage was not, of course, anything like that of cars. But the carriage owner had problems the motorist never heard of: moths in the upholstery, for example. We recommended turpentine and camphor if the woolen linings became infested. Carriage drivers never had to worry about punctures, but tire troubles were possible, and our instructions said:

Should the tires of the wheels get at all slack, so that the joints of the fellows become visible, have them immediately contracted or the

wheels may be permanently injured. 'A stitch in time saves nine!'

The instructions we gave carriage buyers about lubrication shows how comparatively recent is the world which runs on petroleum. In 1896 we instructed: "Keep the axles well oiled . . . pure sperm oil is considered best for lubricating purposes. Castor oil will answer, but never use sweet oil, as it will gum up."

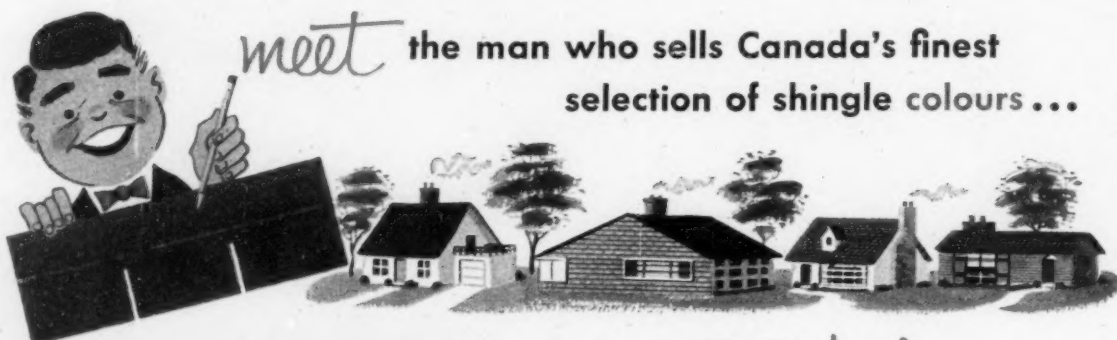
We promised carriage buyers that the care we outlined would result in long life. How long, we did not know at

the time. One of the rewards of long life has been for me to see for myself how well our promise has been kept. For many of those stoutly built McLaughlin vehicles survive to this day and give good service forty and fifty years after they were made.

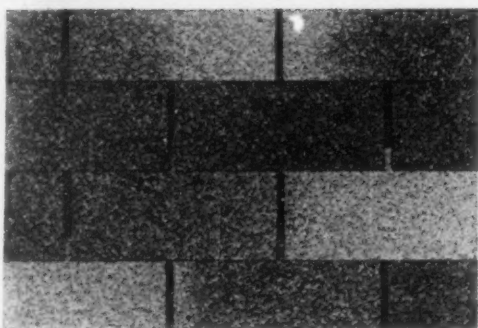
In 1897, when I was twenty-six, I got the idea I would like to try politics. The Governor had been mayor of Oshawa and I suppose I wanted to try my hand at civic affairs too. In that year I campaigned for a seat on the council and was fortunate enough to be elected at the head of the poll.

That was the beginning and end of my political career. I was, as I have said, working extremely long hours; I really wasn't interested in politics, municipal or any other kind, and I was never much of a speaker. To those of my friends who will raise an eyebrow at this last statement, I will point out that I said *speaker*—not *talker*.

But the chief reason I abandoned politics so quickly was a young lady named Miss Adelaide Louise Mowbray. In 1898, twenty-seven years old and a confirmed bachelor, I bicycled out to Tyrone one Sunday to visit my uncle on the old homestead. I should have remembered that Tyrone was a dangerous place for my family—my brother



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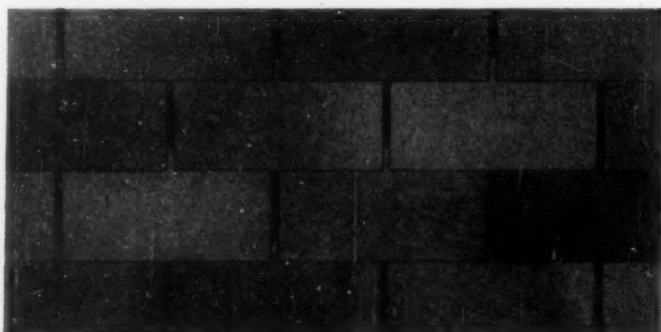


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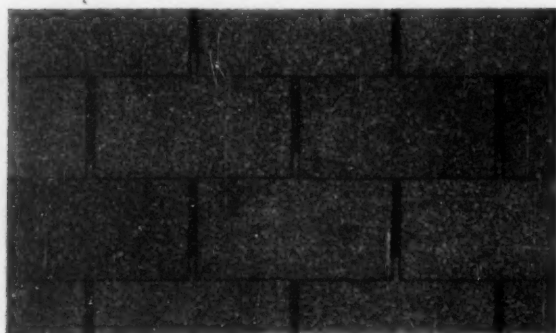
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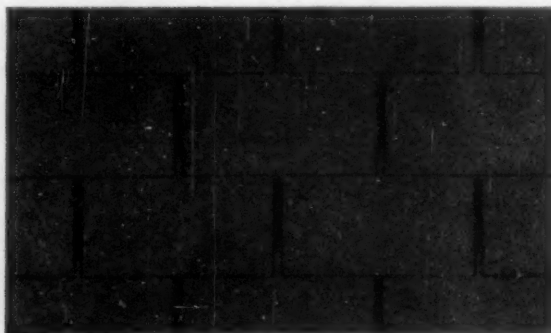
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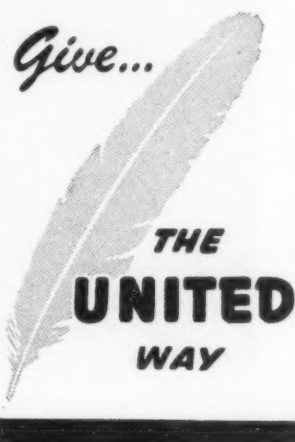
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George had married a Tyrone girl. But I had no inkling of my fate when my uncle asked me to go to church with his family.

The only person I really saw in the church that day was a vision of beauty in the choir, but the strange part of it was that I had known her previously. She had visited in our home—she and my younger sister had gone to model school together—but I had never paid any attention to her. Somehow that morning, as my uncle's pew was well forward in the church, I could get a ringside view of her. So absorbed was I that my uncle had to nudge my elbow when they passed the collection plate.

After the service I was waiting at the side door through which the choir entered. I wanted her to come out for a walk that afternoon but she had to teach the Bible class. I made a date for the next Sunday when I drove out with my horse and buggy.

I believe I made some progress, for I asked for another date the next Sunday and on that day I proposed to her. In those days I sported a big sandy-colored mustache and a Vandyke beard. Although Miss Adelaide had not said anything against them I reluctantly decided they must go for I had made up my mind that my bachelor days, with such a beautiful girl available, should come to an end and nothing should interfere with my chances.

I was accepted in October and we were married the next February. I made a happy choice that day as my

wife and I have enjoyed more than fifty-six years of married life. She has been a wonderful helpmate always and possesses great charm, not only for me but for all who know her.

A little less than a year after my marriage the biggest disaster in our history struck. On Dec. 7, 1899, the McLaughlin Carriage Company buildings burned to the ground. We were helpless; we could only stand and watch our life's work go up in flames, not only we McLaughlins, but the six hundred men who depended for a living on the carriage works.

The only water we ever saw at that fire wouldn't even reach the first floor, because it had to be pumped all the way from the city hall by a dinky little fire engine. The building was crammed full with raw material, carriages in all stages of completion, and a large number of carriages ready to ship. All our tools and equipment, including the special gauges and jigs we had designed to make our products just a little better than others. All our designs—my designs—went up in the flames. Insurance covered part of the loss, but couldn't begin to meet the disaster of a going concern employing hundreds of men suddenly becoming a heap of blackened wreckage.

If we were dismayed, the Governor, George and I, we didn't stay that way long. For the ruins of the McLaughlin Carriage Company were still smoldering when a telephone call came through from Belleville. The city was ready to float a bond issue, we were told, to provide us with a big cash bonus if we would rebuild our factory in Belleville. In quick succession, by telegram, telephone and letter, similar offers came from fifteen other Ontario cities and towns. How could we remain discouraged in the face of that kind of confidence in our ability to re-establish our business?

But we wanted to stay in Oshawa. We felt a loyalty to the town in which we had now been established for nearly a quarter of a century, a loyalty which amounted to the feeling that Oshawa owned the business as much as the McLaughlins did. And we soon had heartening evidence that Oshawa reciprocated that feeling. The town offered us a loan of \$50,000, to be repaid "as convenient."

We appreciated that and accepted. But what were we and our workers to do while the plant was being rebuilt? And what about our markets? Would buyers who needed a new carriage wait six months or a year until we got into production? Somehow we had to start making carriages—immediately and in quantity.

I started scouting around for temporary quarters. At Gananoque, one hundred and fifty miles east of Oshawa, I came across an empty two-story factory that we could rent, and grabbed it. I suppose the next six months were the most hectic of my life. Remember, we were going back into the carriage business with nothing except what we had in our heads. While machinery was being hastily installed in the Gananoque factory—anything we could lay hands on that would make carriage parts—I set about re-creating the designs we needed to make the prototype models.

By the time the new century had dawned we were ready to get into production again. Of course, we couldn't hope to produce, in that makeshift factory, all the scores of models we had been making. But we could produce enough to keep the McLaughlin Carriage Company a going concern. I took as many of our Oshawa workmen as I could use along to Gananoque, and we found billets in boarding houses and private homes. The town took quite

an interest in our "invasion"—old-timers of Gananoque still tell me they remember vividly "the time McLaughlin's moved in."

By keeping that double-decked plant running two shifts every 24 hours we really rolled those carriages out, and they were every bit as good as the ones we had been making at a more leisurely pace in Oshawa; the Governor wouldn't have permitted anything else.

By the middle of July 1900—starting from scratch without a design or a pattern or a tool—we turned out 3,000 carriages. That was enough to supply

our most urgent orders, and more important, to establish beyond any doubt that the McLaughlins were still in business. The Gananoque operation confirmed my belief that the willing conscientious worker is the backbone of any business.

We all returned to Oshawa in mid-summer after winding up the Gananoque business, and pitched in to help finish the new plant . . . and we were making carriages in Oshawa again before the roof was on.

The new plant was on such an ambitious scale that it was not until 1911,

when we were deep in automobile production in addition to carriages, that we needed to acquire our "No. 2 site" of forty acres on what was then the outskirts of Oshawa. So well built was that 1900 plant that it is still part of General Motors.

The new plant, designed by M. J. Butler, of the Rathburn Company, and built by that company—using many of the McLaughlin employees thrown out of work by the fire—consisted of two large main buildings. One was 395 feet by 61 feet, the other 274 feet by 60. Our recollection of the fire—of how the



THANKS TO LIFE INSURANCE BOUGHT IN TIME . . .

he goes to university — just as his father planned

The career this boy has his heart set on *could* have been lost to him completely when his father died . . .

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Loses Sight of Eye in Hiking Accident

Receives \$5,000 Payment

While on vacation recently in northern Ontario, a young automobile salesman from Toronto suffered an unfortunate accident during a hiking trip with his wife. Making his way through a clump of trees, the young man ducked his head to avoid a low-hanging branch of a tree. He brushed into another concealed branch that severely damaged his left eye. As a result of the injury, he suffered complete loss of sight in that optic.

The \$10,000 Confederation Life Policy which he carries has an Accidental Death & Dismemberment Clause. As a result, the young salesman received \$5,000 for loss of sight of his eye.



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I WAS ONLY ASKING

Why is it my guests—young and old, gay and boring—
Would rather be buried alive
Than appear at my specified 3 to 6 pouring
Prior to 5:55?

MARIE DAERR

flames had ripped through the thin floors as though they were not there, of how the walls had collapsed—influenced the specifications of the new buildings. They had five-inch-thick floors with castings on the main posts so that the walls would remain upright in the event of fire. We put in a big underground water tank with a powerful pump and a six-inch pipe outlet—it was not until 1905 that Oshawa installed a waterworks. We put in a generator to make our own electric light.

All in all, the new plant was the last word in modernity. There was even an office section designed as part of the plant, instead of a corner grudgingly lopped from space devoted to the all-important business of making carriages. And there were telephones.

Oh, there had been an intercommunication system in the old plant, but it was not one that Alexander Graham Bell had made or invented. It consisted of a metal pipe running up through the three floors. Anyone on any floor could call anyone on any other floor by opening a flap and whistling through the tube, then asking for the person wanted. It was our own idea and we were very proud of it. It was supposed to be a great timesaver, and I suppose it was—for others. But almost always the message which reached me through the tubular telephone was, "Sam, you're wanted in the office!"

We created a small sensation in Oshawa by hiring a stenographer, probably the first in the town, certainly the first in the McLaughlin Carriage Company. We took on a few more appointments of big business, notably when I hired an assistant, William Coad, who came to me from high school. George couldn't stand that very long, so he took on Jack Beaton as his assistant. That was the office staff, except for the man who was the real tower of strength to the Governor and ourselves—Oliver Hezzlewood. Mr. Hezzlewood was an Oshawa school teacher and kept the books straight for the McLaughlins, who were more interested in designing and building carriages. For four or five years he dropped in after school to do his work, until the Governor decided we needed him full time.

In 1901, as we were getting into stride after the fire, we changed the setup of the company; the partners became shareholders and the company became the McLaughlin Carriage Company, Ltd.

Those were wonderful years for the carriage business. Everybody in Canada seemed to want a McLaughlin carriage or cutter. Our volume rocketed to the 25,000-a-year mark, our sales passed the million-dollar volume.

There was only one small cloud on the horizon; a cloud caused by the appearance on Ontario's dusty roads of a strange contraption called the automobile.

I don't remember the first time I saw an automobile. It might have been the one that was the pride and joy of Oliver Hezzlewood. Certainly Hezzlewood's was the first car I had any

personal contact with, the first I ever worked on. I don't even remember its make. I think it ran on one cylinder and was chain-driven. I know it had no doors, top or windshield. I know for this reason: One day Hezzlewood complained to me that his car, in spite of its many virtues, was a little inconvenient in inclement weather. What he meant was that when it rained he and his passengers got soaked to the skin.

"Can't you do anything about that?" he asked me. I talked with one of the foremen and we devised a top. It wasn't really a top, but a rubberized sheet that fitted over the body, with four holes cut in it for the heads of the driver and his three passengers. It was the dardest-looking contraption you ever saw, but, used in conjunction with sou'wester hats worn by the occupants, it did keep them dry. And Hezzlewood was immensely pleased with it. He had me drive his car—and from then on I had a new kind of wheels in my head: motor-driven wheels.

By 1905 there were a couple of dozen cars in Toronto. The nearest one to us was in Whitby. They were still much of a curiosity, a sporting proposition for adventurous people.

A Merry Time for Autos

In the U. S. 1905 was the year in which the automobile could claim to have emerged from the "horseless carriage" stage and become an industry. The Ford Motor Company was two years old. The Buick Motor Company, also two years old, had just been taken over by a carriage builder named William C. Durant and in this year would produce 750 cars. Cadillac, three years old, was offering a one-cylinder car with the motor under the front seat. Among other cars for sale were the Locomobile, Mobile, Winton, deDion, Columbia and Gasmobile. But the real titan was R. E. Olds, whose curved-dash one-cylinder Oldsmobile outnumbered all other cars on America's dirt roads and rutted gravel highways. Up to 1905 Olds—who was later to give his name to another car, the Reo—had produced nearly 12,000 cars. In that year he was to make a record 6,500 runabouts, and Gus Edwards was to write that priceless piece of publicity—the song, In My Merry Oldsmobile.

Yes, 1905 was a good year for a Canadian carriage maker to start taking an interest in automobiles. And I was interested in them both for their own sake and as potential competition.

I started a campaign to persuade my brother George that automobiles had a place in the world, and pretty well convinced him. We never did convince the Governor, though. He honestly believed that the automobile would never replace the horse-drawn carriage; certainly not for many years; certainly not in his time.

In keeping an eye on this intriguing new idea in transportation I had to move warily. I had to wait until my holidays before I could visit the U. S. and learn more about what was being done in the automobile field. I can imagine what the Governor's reaction

would have been if I had said: "I want to take time off to learn how to go about replacing carriages with automobiles in the McLaughlin plant."

So when my vacation came I went to Buffalo, where Richard Pierce was making a car that was beginning to be heard about. Mr. Pierce took me to lunch at his club and afterward showed me around his plant where the Pierce-Arrow was being manufactured, painstakingly by hand operation, piece by piece, part by part. This stately courteous gentleman of the old school then made a startling statement in a quiet matter-of-fact voice:

"Cars like this have no future, Mr. McLaughlin. I would advise you against trying to make them."

He explained that it was his belief that large cars would never find a considerable market; that McLaughlin's should use its experience in mass production of carriages to enter the low-priced car field. And, when I considered the \$2,000 to \$3,000 price of the Pierce-Arrow in comparison with our own price range for carriages—from \$50 for our low-priced models to \$165 wholesale for the largest and most elaborate carriages—I was inclined to agree with him.

In a sense, Mr. Pierce was forecasting the fate of his own products. He continued to make his fine cars for many years, and they acquired great prestige. But they never sold in sufficient quantities to enable the company to survive adversity, and in the Thirties Pierce-Arrow went out of business.

I thanked Mr. Pierce for his kindness and went over to the E. R. Thomas Company, also in Buffalo, for a look at the Thomas Flyer. Mr. Thomas couldn't talk business with me, he said, because he already had commitments with the Canada Cycle and Motor Company in Toronto. This fact made me all the more interested in getting a line on some arrangement to make cars in Canada, before competitors got the jump on us in our own country.

I also visited the Peerless Company in Cleveland, the Reo works and the Thomas Detroit factory, without coming to any conclusion about making cars in Canada. Back in Oshawa, I told my father what I had seen on my trip. He did not approve of my interest in cars, but he did not forbid it either. I think he considered it a youthful enthusiasm which I would outgrow much as I had outgrown bicycle racing.

Not long afterward we had a visit from a great friend of my father's, a Mr. Matthews, of Gananoque. He told us that a man he knew, Charles Lewis, of Jackson, Mich., had been in the spring and axle business and was now

making automobiles. He suggested that we talk to him.

So I took the train to Jackson with Oliver Hezzlewood, who was now an executive of the company. We called on Mr. Lewis. He was a fine old gentleman, genial and courteous, and ready to do anything in the world for us. He was enthusiastic over the possibilities of our manufacturing cars in Oshawa, and outlined how it could be done. We could manufacture the engines and many of the parts, he would supply us with an engineer and certain parts. He proposed an arrangement whereby we would pay him a certain amount in cash for the benefits we would derive from our connection with him. He was confident that the Jackson car was for us, and pointed out that one of his cars, driven by the great Bob Burman, had recently won the hundred-mile Vanderbilt Cup race on Long Island.

All in all, the proposition sounded good. I went home feeling that we were probably in the automobile manufacturing business at last—provided, of course, we could persuade the Governor to let us try it. Fortunately, I made one reservation before committing ourselves: I ordered two cars from Mr. Lewis for testing, one a chain drive, the other shaft driven. As soon as they arrived, Mr. Hezzlewood took the wheel of the former and I climbed into the latter. Off we went down the macadam highway . . .

How Durant Bought a Car

I will draw a curtain over the events of the next hour. Suffice to say that as automobiles they were a poor job of plumbing. We broke down several times. If we had not been optimists we would have gone contentedly back to carriage making. Certainly if the Governor had been along on either of those rides we would have been out of the automobile business before we entered it.

But there was still one bright spot. While we had been eating breakfast in Jackson before going to the Lewis works, William Durant and his factory manager had walked into the dining room.

"Sam, what on earth are you doing here?" Durant asked. I told him. He thought for a moment, then said: "Charlie Lewis is a dear friend of mine. You get his story, then if you're not satisfied, come and see me."

I had known Durant for ten years, having met him at conventions of carriage manufacturers. He and his partner, Dallas Dort, had built a fifty-dollar stake into Durant-Dort, then one of the biggest carriage and wagon companies in the U. S., with a production up to 150,000 units a year. Like my father, Durant wanted no part of the automobile business, which was then blossoming in his home town of Flint and nearby Michigan cities. Yet just about the time I started to get interested—and concerned—about cars, Durant had been persuaded to buy the Buick company.

This is how it came about: David Buick, Walter Marr, who made the first Buick two-cylinder engine, William Patterson, a Canadian-born carriage manufacturer who had invested in Buick, and other backers were anxious to get their money out of a venture which seemed to have little hope of success. They decided that Durant would be a good prospect. At any rate, he had the money to buy Buick if he could be talked into it.

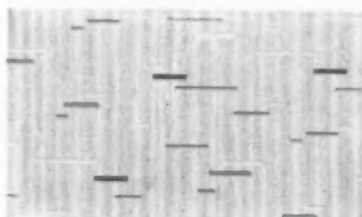
Marr drove a Buick to the Durant carriage factory in Flint and invited Durant to go for a ride. Durant wouldn't even come out to look at the car. But Dallas Dort, more impressionable, climbed in. During the ride



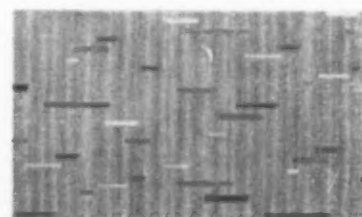
"Jackstraw" with red background (No. 811) comes 2 and 3 yards wide.

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- **RADIANT CONTROL** that "adjusts itself" automatically to every kind of bread, rye or white, moist or dry. You can even reheat a piece of toast without burning.
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VIPs In Verse: No. 3

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Defender and zealot who never relaxes
When riding his favorite obsession, he taxes
The patience as well as the incomes and bonhomie
Of people not hipped on provincial autonomy.

P. J. BLACKWELL

Marr stopped the car and invited Dort to drive. With a few instructions, Dort found he could operate the car. He returned to the factory, rushed into Durant's office and said excitedly: "Come on out—it's great! They taught me to drive; I've been driving a car!"

Durant wasn't impressed. "I want nothing to do with it," he said.

Marr didn't give up. That evening he drove the Buick back and forth in front of Durant's home. Next morning he was back again. Durant was impressed, not so much by the car as by Marr's persistence. He agreed to go for a ride. It was then that he learned that Marr was not trying to sell him a Buick car—but the Buick company.

Characteristically, having put one foot into something, Durant plunged all the way in. What happened next is related in *The Turning Wheel*, the official history of General Motors:

With no technical experience of his own to guide him, Mr. Durant applied the only test he could make . . . He drove that two-cylinder Buick back and forth over a wide range of territory devoid of good roads save for a few gravel turnpikes built by toll companies. He put it through swamps, mud and sand and pitch-holes for almost two months, bringing it in for repairs and consultations and then taking it out for another strenuous cross-country run.

Before accepting Durant's invitation to "come and see me," and without knowing at that time the story of how he had come to buy Buick, I did very much what he had done. I went to Toronto and bought a Model F two-cylinder Buick for \$1,650 from the Buick agents, Dominion Automobile and Supply Company. But I didn't have to put it through Durant's stiff tests. Before I was halfway to Oshawa I knew it was the car we wanted to make in Canada. I wired Durant and went to see him.

Durant greeted me with: "Well, there's no doubt this is the car for you." I agreed with him. He turned me loose with his factory manager and accountants, and for two and a half days we went over every detail of the Buick operation. We worked out a tentative plan we thought would be fair to both sides. Then Durant and I got together, sharpened our pencils, agreed on most points—and then reached an impasse. We just couldn't agree on final details of the financial arrangement. We weren't far apart, but we just couldn't get together. I guess we were both stubborn.

We parted the best of friends. "I'm sorry we couldn't work it out," I said. He answered: "So am I, Sam; this is the car for you."

I went home to Oshawa and told the

Governor and George about my failure. I half-expected my father to say, "All right, that's over; now let's get busy making carriages." But he didn't. He listened while George and I worked out our alternative plan—to make our own car. All the Governor said was, "If you think you can make a go of it, go ahead."

We needed a first-class engineer to supervise the manufacturing and assembly processes, and of the many I interviewed my choice was Arthur Milbrath, who was with the A. O. Smith Company, of Milwaukee, makers of auto and engine parts. We brought him to Oshawa and installed him in one of our buildings, on the west side of Mary Street, which had been set aside as the automobile shop. We equipped it with automatic lathes and other machine tools, planers and shapers—dozens of machines. From a Cleveland firm we ordered cylinders, pistons and crankshafts to our own specifications, and engine castings to be worked in our own shop. I put all I had into designing the most beautiful car I could dream of—the bodies, of course, would be made by the same artisans who had been making our carriages for years. The car was to be more powerful than the Buick.

We had everything we needed for our first hundred cars, and had the first car all laid out and practically ready for assembly, down to the beautiful brass McLaughlin radiator on which I had spent many hours, when disaster struck. Arthur Milbrath became severely ill with pleurisy.

Without an engineer we were helpless. The automobile shop, so nearly ready to produce its harvest, lay idle . . . dead. In this plight I thought of William Durant and his goodwill toward the McLaughlins. I wired him, explaining what had happened and asking him if he could lend us an engineer. His answer came back promptly:

"Will you be home tomorrow? I'm coming over." ★

THE MEN CARS MADE FAMOUS

R. S. McLaughlin concludes his story, *My Eighty Years On Wheels*, with an album of fascinating, intimate pen-pictures of the giants of the auto age.

Next Issue On Sale Oct. 6



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Look for these top quality parts

at this sign of good service

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

Division of General Motors Products of Canada Ltd., Oshawa, Ont.

The White and the Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

thing only, that Indians were on the warpath. A subordinate officer gave orders for the men to dress and arm for action. Almost immediately there was a second proof of trouble. Through the rain, which still fell with fury, came the drenched and muddy figure of a survivor, crying to them hoarsely that all the furies of hell were loose in the woods and along the shores. The man in charge waved him on to carry the alarm to Montreal.

More fugitives arrived in a very few minutes, furiously pursued by a band of naked warriors. When the Iroquois saw the soldiers they turned immediately and ran back in the direction of Lachine.

The first survivor reached Montreal as fast as his stumbling legs could carry him over the six miles of muddy road. Wild fear swept the town at the news he brought. Subcase lost no time in getting back to his command, but several hours had passed when he reached the camp. The first fury of the storm had abated and light was beginning to show through the drizzle; although the sun, which had risen on so many scenes of horror and bloodshed and might be expected to have become indifferent, seemed reluctant to face the evidence of what this dreadful night had brought about. Subcase was incredulous when he found that his men had waited for his return and had done nothing to aid the victims of the Iroquois attack. Men from the three forts had joined them and many settlers from other sections had armed themselves and were beginning to reach them through the woods, ready to do what they could.

Had it been cowardice which held the troops from rushing into action or a disciplinary sense pounded into them by years of service that nothing should be done without his orders? Drawing his sword, Subcase shouted an angry command to follow him to Lachine.

The most terrible of sights is a community after it has been ravaged by fire and sword. At Lachine the horror had been multiplied. Unable to wait for a first taste of torture, the Iroquois warriors had set up stakes and with unwonted haste (it was customary to prolong the victim's end as long as possible) had done to death some of the prisoners. When the belated rescue party reached the scene, they found the stakes still standing, all of them tenanted by broken bodies which had once been men and women. None of the most revolting rites had been neglected, even to the slashing from the bodies of strips of flesh to be enjoyed later in

cannibalistic rites. An effort had been made to destroy the houses by fire, and some of them still smoldered. To enter any of those which were still standing was to suffer a shock never to be forgotten; mothers and their children had been dragged from their pitifully useless hiding places and killed near the hearths, where tidy brooms and clean copper utensils still occupied their usual places.

One of the survivors, the settlement's surgeon, emerged from his sanctuary in the woods to meet Subcase and his men. He was soaked with water and blood and his face was white with the horrors he had witnessed and from which he had so miraculously escaped.

The war party, he told them, had left Lachine but had gone no more than a mile and a half farther down the shore, where they had stopped in the shelter of a screen of trees. He had another piece of information to give which caused the trained officer to nod his head with new confidence and satisfaction. The Iroquois had delayed the destruction of the houses until each had been searched. A large store of brandy had been uncovered and all of it had been gulped down before the devil's work had been resumed. The halt behind the cover of trees had been caused by the torpor which had overtaken the Iroquois braves.

They Waited for Death

Subcase realized that this opening, in which no doubt he saw the hand of providence, must be seized at once. Such a chance would never come again, certainly. But he had no illusions as to the odds he would face. From all reports he had received, he knew that the enemy were out in larger numbers than ever before and that, when roused, they would fight with sullen fury. He did not hesitate. He decided to take the risk, and to his satisfaction he found that his men were willing to gamble their lives in an effort to rescue the unfortunate prisoners.

At this moment, however, the Chevalier de Vaudreuil arrived from Montreal with orders from the governor. No unnecessary risks were to be taken. The forces still intact must remain on the defensive and retain the power to protect the sections which had not yet suffered from attack.

Unnecessary risks? Subcase and his men had never known of a risk which seemed more necessary than to attack the marauding braves while they lolled in drunken stupor. He stormed at Denonville's envoy and demanded to be allowed to proceed with his plan. Did Denonville know, he asked, that over one hundred white men and women were in Iroquois hands and would be herded back to the villages of the tribes for death at the stake? The governor could not have known, he



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contended, of the fortunate circumstances which made this moment the best for a counterattack. Vaudreuil stood firmly on the ground that the orders he bore were from the highest authority in the colony and must be obeyed.

After a stormy altercation Subercase gave in. With despairing unwillingness he ordered his men to return to the shelter of the forts. The opportunity had been lost.

For two days, while the troops under Subercase fretted in the inactivity imposed upon them and Denonville kept

his considerable forces behind the new palisades which had been built around Montreal, the revengeful Iroquois roamed the countryside, capturing new victims and burning all the houses and barns. Depredations were carried out as far distant as twenty miles, an indication of the bravado now animating the invaders.

Finally the terror was lifted from the island. The Iroquois took to their canoes, their terrified captives with them, and paraded contemptuously up and down the river within sight of the three forts. They raised their paddles

in the air and shouted in derision, "Onontio! Onontio!" and then screeched loudly that they had paid back the governor for the deception he had practiced on them.

Before turning for the other shore of the St. Lawrence, they paused to give vent to ninety loud shouts, one for each prisoner in their hands. This was the usual practice of returning war parties. The grim watchers behind the stockade walls counted the exultant shouts and were convinced that the men of the Five Nations had been careless in their estimate. It was believed that no fewer

than one hundred and twenty victims were still in enemy hands.

The scene now shifts across the St. Lawrence. For many years the Christianized members of the Iroquois tribes, a loyal and peaceable group, had lived in mission settlements across the river from Montreal. Now they were settled finally in a section which had been given the name of Caughnawaga.

Caughnawaga lies almost directly across Lake St. Louis from Lachine. Just below is Châteauguay. It was to Châteauguay that the Iroquois went, and so it was close to the home of their Christianized kin that they paused for a further demonstration of their triumph and contempt. They had decided not to wait any longer for another taste of the fruits of victory. Pitching their camp so close to the shore that the watchers on Montreal Island could see the blaze of their fires through the trees of the island, they spent a wild night around the torture stakes, killing women and children as well as men, with furious abandon. The watchers knew the meaning of the flickering lights; they were aware that the gentle and blameless people of Lachine were dying in slow torment. It lasted all through the night and then the fires died down and the watchers knew that the orgies were ending in heavy, brutal sleep.

Whether a rescue could have been carried out at this stage is very doubtful. To attempt a crossing of the river would have been a great hazard in itself and might have resulted in such heavy losses that the Iroquois, whose casualties had been slight, might have come back in triumph to attack Montreal. The one good chance to rescue the prisoners had been lost when Subercase was forced to give up.

Nothing but a miracle would have brought success at this late stage. Close to the shore where the torture fires burned lay the bones of an Indian girl called the Genevieve of New France, and many stories had been told of miracles which had come to pass at her grave. People watching from the safety of the other shore prayed that a miracle might happen now to save the cringing victims from further torment. But a far different kind of miracle was needed, a miracle of brave and audacious leadership; and this the French commander of the moment could not supply.

Denonville's decision had been reached with great reluctance. A man of personal bravery, he was slow in making up his mind and far from inspired in his judgment. It might be said that he had lived his life for this one moment when a splendid and audacious move on his part would have enriched the history of the land with another stirring tale. But there was neither splendor nor audacity in the spiritual and mental equipment of the slow Denonville. He decided against any action which might be counted of ill-considered boldness, and so the men of New France were condemned to watch the torture fires of the Iroquois from the safety of the north shore. It is said that the events of these few terrible days preyed on his mind and saddened the last years of his life.

Denonville's order had turned a swift, bloody Iroquois raid which might have been as swiftly halted and avenged, into a long-drawn-out, ghastly nightmare of torture. But the causes behind the massacre had been long brewing. And the men principally responsible included not only Denonville but his predecessor as governor, Sieur de la Fevre de la Barre, and even the King himself. It was Louis, in fact, who had personally suggested a deed against the Indians that was as senseless as it was cruel. In addition, during the period before the massacre, the leaders of New

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France had made the fatal mistake of demonstrating to the Iroquois that Frenchmen could be irresolute and even timid. The final factor was a stratagem, as clever as it was diabolical, carried out by a chief of the defeated Hurons, a tribe whose alliance with Champlain had first called down on the French the bitter enmity of the Iroquois.

La Barre, a boastful and greedy fraud, had been a lawyer most of his life. Transferred to the French West Indies in charge of the military and naval forces, he had won quite a reputation for himself in some trouble with the English (who must have been most incompetently led indeed) and had begun to swagger and demand the title of Monsieur le Général. He seems to have accepted the post with the intention of making a rich man of himself.

La Barre set himself up in business with a coterie of Canadian merchants. The syndicate thus formed operated fleets of canoes and ships on the Great Lakes and it was a matter of necessity for them to have peace. La Barre accordingly invited the Iroquois leaders to a conference at Montreal, and a delegation of more than forty chiefs came to a council held in the Church of Bonsecours.

La Barre cut a poor figure in the negotiations that followed. He lacked the easy dignity of Frontenac and seemed to be very ill at ease under the unflinching scrutiny of forty pairs of intent black eyes. He showered the chiefs with presents to the value of two thousand crowns and urged them in return to respect the peace with France. The chiefs agreed, but in view of what happened later, it is clear they had no intention of keeping their promise.

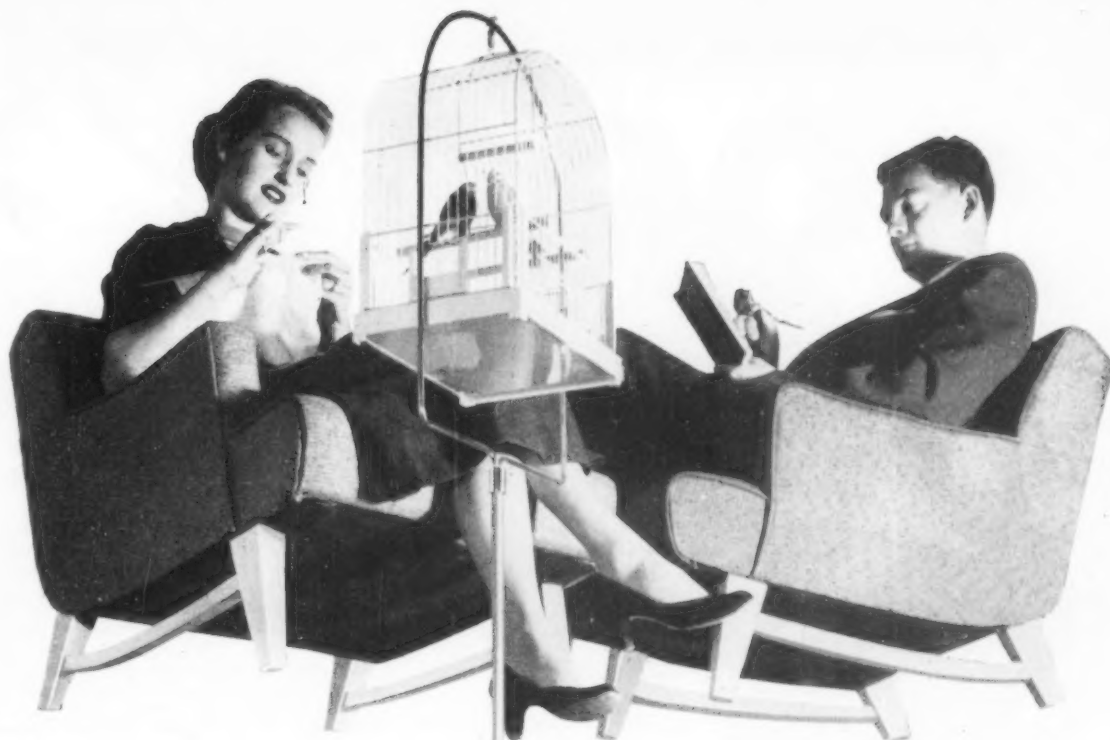
No Stomach for Fighting

One of the first proofs of amity they supplied was to attack and capture a convoy of French boats on their way to the upper lakes. It so happened that the boats belonged to La Barre and his associates and that they were filled with trade goods valued at fifteen thousand livres. The governor was furious at this costly breach of the peace. La Barre seems to have been convinced by this episode that war with these belligerent and insolent people was inevitable.

On first arriving in Canada, La Barre had written to the King: "The Iroquois have twenty-six hundred warriors but I will attack them with twelve hundred men. They know how roughly I handled the English in the West Indies." Now the strain of bombast disappeared from his official communications. He did not like the situation at all and he wrote repeatedly to the King urging that trained soldiers be sent out to strengthen his hand.

Finally, the piteous appeals of La Barre resulted in the dispatching of three companies of regular soldiers to Canada, each being made up of fifty-two men. They were veterans of the Dutch wars, tired and disillusioned fellows who had no stomach left for further fighting. Nevertheless, they were welcomed at Quebec with the utmost acclaim, the shouts of the relieved populace merging with the not too brisk rat-tat of the army drums.

La Barre had no excuse now for postponing the punishment he had promised to mete out to the insolent Iroquois. He began to organize his forces for a drive against the Senecas, the most numerous and powerful of the Five Nations. As a first step he wrote to the English governor at New York revealing his intention of attacking the Iroquois and warning that no guns were to be supplied them in the mean-



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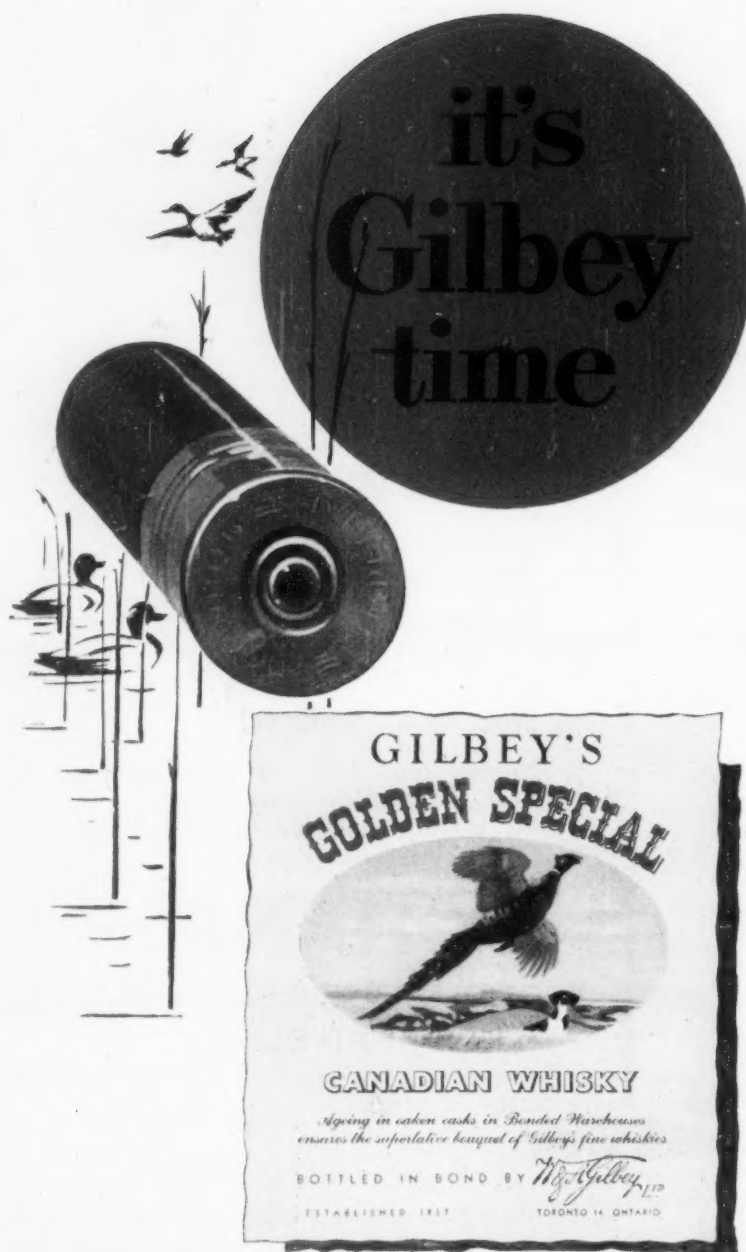
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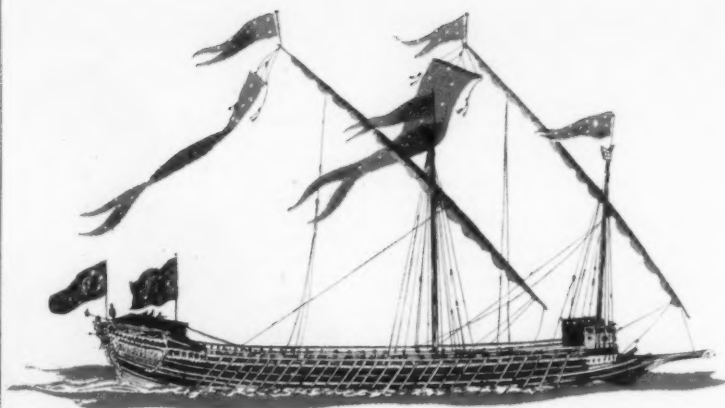
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The Iroquois were coaxed into French prison ships and became galley slaves.

time. This bit of absurdity was tantamount to making the enemy a present of the French strategy. The English governor answered that the Iroquois were subjects of King Charles and that La Barre must not set foot on English territory. The threat had the result also of inciting the Iroquois to furious preparations. They were delighted, being sure they could cope with this new French leader who had failed so lamentably to impress them. From a missionary in the Iroquois country La Barre received a letter warning that the Senecas expected to strip, roast and eat every Frenchman in the country.

The Iroquois front was better organized at this stage than it had ever been. Costly wars with other tribes had ended and so the heavy drain on their manpower had ceased. For years they had been enrolling the youngest and strongest men of the tribes they had attacked and beaten, training them in Iroquois philosophy and drilling them in new ways of fighting. The alliance with the English had been cemented, and the latter had a shrewd and aggressive Irishman in Colonel Thomas Dongan as governor at New York.

Big Mouth the Orator

La Barre, having deprived himself of all the advantages of a surprise move, set out for Fort Frontenac with the army he had gathered about him. In addition to the hundred-odd soldiers from France, he had seven hundred Canadian volunteers and a few hundred mission Indians. The regulars had not fully recovered from the rigors of the voyage across the Atlantic and were as soft as putty. The mission Indians had about as much martial ardor as could be brewed at an afternoon tea party. "My purpose," wrote Monsieur le Général to the King, "is to exterminate the Senecas."

The governor proceeded to handle the affair with all the military skill that might have been expected from a leader who had spent most of his life in a law office. After encountering great difficulties on the way, the troops reached Fort Frontenac, and La Barre selected a damp stretch of ground for pitching his camp. Noxious mists rose from the dank soil and stagnant water; mosquitoes made the nights miserable for the unhappy French soldiers and spread malarial fevers. Many of the men died, and the governor himself was reduced to a sickly condition. The supplies of food proved inadequate, and in a very short time the force was reduced to a condition of martial impotence. La Barre saw no way out of it but to invite the Onondagas to a peace conference, hoping that they would induce the Senecas to join the proceedings. To

await their coming, the governor selected the most healthy appearing of his men and moved them to the other side of the water, stopping at a spot most appropriately called La Famine.

The Onondagas responded to the invitation by sending a delegation headed by an orator whose fame had almost obscured the memory of the fluent Flemish Bastard. He was called Big Mouth and he had such a flow of words that white men fell under his spell as readily as his own people.

Squatting in a dignified semicircle with his fellow chiefs, Big Mouth listened to the speech with which La Barre opened the discussions. Then the spellbinder rose to his feet. For a few moments he paced up and down in silence, then he stopped, struck an attitude, and began to speak. His manner exuded confidence; and well it might, because it had not needed much craft on the part of the red men to discover the weakness of the French force.

"I see a great captain at the head of a band of soldiers who talks like a man in a dream. He says he has come to smoke the pipe of peace with the Onondagas; but I see that he came to knock them on the head—if so many of his Frenchmen were not too weak to fight..." On and on he went. Every sentence, punctuated with sweeping gestures, was an attack on the pride of the French.

La Barre retired to his tent in a rage. There was no answer he could give. He was too weak to fight. The next day there was a shorter session and a peace of sorts was patched up.

As a final gesture of defiance the Five Nations demanded that any future talks be held at La Famine, on Iroquois soil. La Barre weakly agreed.

La Barre returned to Quebec. His great gesture had done no more than avert an open breach for a short spell. The peace had been purchased at too high a price, as subsequent events would show. Big Mouth had flaunted the power of the Iroquois and no thunderbolts had come from the skies to punish him for his audacity. For many moons thereafter laughter would be heard about campfires where the orotund passages of the daring orator were repeated.

La Barre might declare that he had scored a victory. Everyone else knew that the peace was a sham to be broken at the will of the Five Nations.

The King was not deceived by the protestations of the governor. He wrote an immediate letter of recall and appointed the Marquis de Denonville to succeed him.

Denonville was a good soldier with thirty years of honorable service to his credit. He was a devout and conscientious, a believer in blind obedience to the King. It was this blind obedience that led him into a grievous error as a

preliminary to the chief enterprise in his assignment—the final defeat of the Iroquois.

The French King had intimated during the La Barre incumbency that one way to tame the Iroquois was to capture as many of them as possible and send them to France to work as galley slaves. Louis XIV has left sayings on the pages of history which do not lend lustre to his name but nothing he ever said or did compares for cruelty and stupidity of conception with this particular idea.

The galley propelled by great banks of oars or "sweeps," had ceased by this time to be a ship-of-war, but France still kept a few of them in the Mediterranean as a means of punishment for criminals. The slaves were the most unfortunate and the most pitied of men. The galleys would go out on cruises and the slaves would pull on the oars, three or more to each, under the lash of supervisors. Between cruises the slaves would be kept in prisons, so closely packed into dark cells that they would have to sit knee to knee on damp masonry. They had the word "gal" branded on their backs, but it was generally hard to distinguish the letters because of the scars left by the whips of the galley masters.

To condemn Indians to such a fate was particularly cruel. They were accustomed to a life in the open air, and their lungs soon collapsed in the fetid atmosphere of the galleys. Having as well a racial tendency to melancholia, the most powerful of them would pine away and die in such surroundings.

The Warning Backfired

Denonville's choice of victims was as faulty as his judgment in taking action at all. If the unfortunate braves he sent to the galleys had been prisoners of war there might have been a bare excuse, for there were only differences of degree in the barbarity with which such prisoners were treated. Instead he sent the new intendant Champigny (Meules, the playing-card moneyman, had been recalled by this time) to the north shore of Lake Ontario, where there were two villages of expatriate Iroquois engaged in hunting and fishing. By various wiles these harmless people were coaxed into the waiting maw and, when the catch had been sifted out, fifty-one able-bodied men were left in the net. Until such time as they could be placed on ships and sent off to the *galioles* of Marseilles, the puzzled and frightened natives were tied to stakes and kept in this trussed-up position for many days. Some of them died of exposure.

Some of the prisoners were freed later, but a large number were sent to France. It had been in Denonville's highly unimaginative mind that what he was doing would serve as a lesson and a warning to the Five Nations. When he discovered that his action had created an entirely different reaction, stirring the Iroquois tribes to a furious desire for revenge, he wrote to the French colonial minister begging that the prisoners be sent back. It was not, however, until Frontenac was being sent out to serve his second term as governor, and to replace Denonville, that the remnants of the Iroquois galley slaves were freed and entrusted to the old governor for repatriation. By then most of them had died in their cruel captivity, and only thirteen poor broken wrecks, now dressed in absurd French finery in an effort to make amends, were put aboard Frontenac's ship. Even if it had been possible to send them all back, sound and well, the damage could not have been undone. The Iroquois never forgave this exhibition of treachery; for each one of

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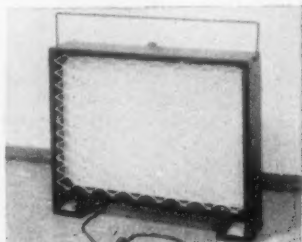


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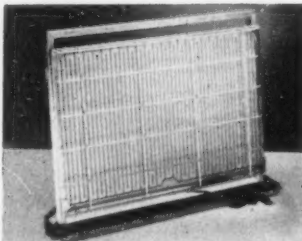
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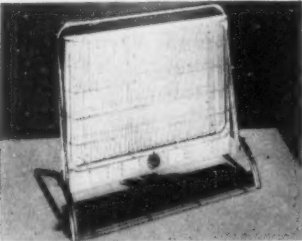
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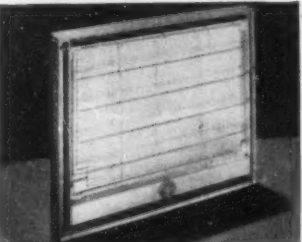
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OUTLOOK

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WALTER APPEL

the harmless fishermen thus sent to a lingering death, many Canadian men and women were to die in torment at the stake.

Meanwhile, for his planned attack on the Iroquois, Denonville had made Irondequoit Bay on the south shore of Lake Ontario the rendezvous for his forces. He arrived there himself with four hundred canoes and two thousand men. By the greatest of good luck he reached the bay on the same day as his Indian allies from the north and west. They came four hundred strong, accompanied by a band of *coureurs de bois* led by three of the bravest Frenchmen in the west, Du Lhut, La Durantaye and Henri Tonty, he of the iron hand.

The Senecas had been marked down as the victims of this great drive because they were now the most numerous and powerful of the Five Nations of the Iroquois and, at the moment, the most belligerent; more obdurate even than the Mohawks, who had once opposed the French with the greatest determination.

The strength of the invaders was so great that the Senecas, after one unsuccessful attempt to ambush the advancing Frenchmen, retreated in panic toward the east, taking their families with them and such food supplies as they could hastily gather. Before running away, however, they burned their main village.

One thing was certain: the valleys and hills of the Seneca country were bright with warm sunshine and covered with great fields of maize and the thick vines of the yellow pumpkin. There would have been a bountiful harvest if the green fields had been left to the ripening sun, but the French spent ten days of back-breaking labor in cutting down the corn and burning the fields. Three other villages were located and burned. Convinced then that the Senecas had been taught a lesson they would never forget, the invaders turned and marched to Niagara, where a fort of considerable size and strength was built.

The Senecas did not forget. The other four nations shared in the hatred inspired by the French attack. Nor had the Iroquois forgotten the seizure of the harmless fishermen on the Bay of Quinte, some of whom were still tugging at their oars under the lash of slave masters. They had never forgotten, it might be added, the first sight of a white man vouchsafed their fathers: Champlain stepping out from the ranks of the Hurons in his glistening breastplate and bobbing plumes with his strange new weapon, the terrible musket. While Denonville set his men to work at Niagara, the gloomy interior of the council house at Onondaga echoed with the talk of the chiefs assembled there to decide upon measures of reprisal.

The Iroquois, deep in their plans for retaliation, played a waiting game and even dispatched some envoys to Fort Frontenac to discuss the patching up of still another broken peace. Even if they had been sincere in these advances (and it soon became clear that they were not), there was no possibility of a satisfactory outcome. A remarkable Indian chief makes his appearance on the scene at this juncture for the pur-

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pose of defeating any peace moves.

He was a Huron from Michilimackinac and his name was Kondiaronk, which meant the Rat. There was nothing of the rodent in his nature, however. He was a good leader in war or peace, as wise as any white statesman and as crafty as the most Machiavelian diplomat trained in the wiles and guiles of European chancelleries. Kondiaronk had one fixed purpose, to preserve the lives of the scattered remnants of the Huron people who existed, humbly and miserably, about the trading posts and missions at the junction of the Great Lakes. He knew, this wily old chief, that peace between the French and the Iroquois might mean his people would then be exposed to the full fury of Iroquois designs.

The Rat was determined to prevent a truce. He went promptly into action when the news reached him that the envoys from the Five Nations were on their way to Fort Frontenac. Waylaying them near La Famine, he killed one of the chiefs with the first volley and took the rest prisoners. The Iroquois, stunned by the unexpectedness of the attack, protested that they were on their way to propose terms of peace.

The Rat then staged a scene in which he professed chagrin and anger at the French for deceiving him. Denonville, he declared, had informed him, Kondiaronk, that a war party was approaching and had sent him out to attack them.

Kondiaronk released all of the party but one, who was to be held as a hostage. "Go back!" he said to the rest in effect. "Go back to your people and tell them of the treachery of Onontio."

The Iroquois, nearly all of whom had suffered wounds from the fire which the Rat's men had poured into them, turned their canoes about and set off for home. It was clear they believed what the wily chief had told them.

The Rat watched them go with an expression of triumph on his bronzed and wrinkled face. "I have killed the peace!" he declared.

The remaining prisoner was taken back to Michilimackinac and handed over to the French commandant there. The latter, acting on the advice of Kondiaronk, who believed in being thorough, had the captive executed publicly by a firing squad. To make sure that the Five Nations learned of this further example of French perfidy, the Rat secretly released an Iroquois prisoner in the camp and turned him loose with enough food and a supply of powder and shot to take him back to his own land.

Kondiaronk sat himself down in the shade of his wigwam, from which he could look out across the waters of Lake Huron toward that fair country where once his people had lived in ease and happiness. He was well content with what he had done. The war would go on and the brunt of it would be borne by the French. For the time being the few remaining Hurons could exist in peace.

The King by now had lost faith in Denonville. On May 31 of the following year, 1689, his recall was decided upon and a letter was dispatched to Canada, summoning him home. It did not arrive soon enough to spare Denonville from sharing in the great catastrophe which descended upon the colony as a result, partially, of the mistakes he had made. ★

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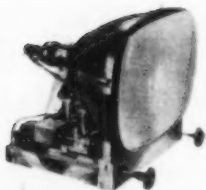
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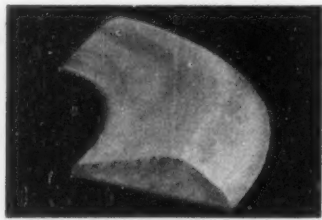
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*Source:
Dominion
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Statistics

We Went La Vérendrye's Way

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

wilderness outfitting station for years after that. He knows the thousand-odd lakes of Quetico Provincial Park and the Superior National Forest as well as any man living. He can produce biscuits such as mother used to make from a reflector oven at a camp fire-place, or bannock almost as tasty from a greased frying pan. We called him The Bourgeois, as the voyageurs of old called their employers, and we obeyed him faithfully in all things.

It was after a 200-mile trip last year under Olson's guidance that we got the idea of retracing La Vérendrye's footsteps. We were driving back to Fort William on the main highway that runs from Duluth. Just on the U. S. side of the border at Pigeon River the road crosses a wide grassgrown trail the Indians still use occasionally, a trail once famous and still known as Grand Portage.

As we drove across it the same thought occurred to several of us at once: Why not come out another summer, start at the Grand Portage and paddle over the old fur-trade highway to Fort Frances? We'd seen enough of the Quetico-Superior wilderness to know that on this section of the historic route we might see and feel and do some fraction of what the voyageur two centuries ago saw and felt and did.

We knew, of course, that it would be only a fraction.

Spanish Money for Overtime

A voyageur normally carried, on each trip over a portage, two oblong packages of goods weighing 90 pounds each; the 300-pound canoe itself was carried by the bowman and steersman, whose seniority entitled them to this relatively light and easy load. The heaviest of our aluminum canoes weighed only 86 pounds, and the packs we took over the Grand Portage were lighter than the canoes.

Each voyageur was expected to take eight packages over Grand Portage without extra pay—for each package above eight he got one Spanish dollar. That meant at least four trips for each man. Since furs from the interior were being brought down at the same time trade goods were sent up a man often carried full loads each way. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, first explorer to cross the northern part of the continent to the Pacific, recalled one man who set off on the eight-mile portage with two 90-pound packages and was back with two more in six hours.

It took us nearly six hours to go over one way, with less than half his load. We decided our historical curiosity would be satisfied with only one carry over this first and longest portage, so we took only our three canoes—maximum weight 86 pounds—and three packs of about 60 pounds each. We would switch loads every ten minutes, and set them down for a rest every half hour. Meanwhile we'd hired three husky young Chippewas from the Grand Portage reservation to take over the rest of our nine packs.

We knew that going over the Grand Portage even once would be quite tough enough, and most of us had trained for the event. Solandt of Defence Research and Lovink the Netherlands Ambassador spent two Saturdays paddling from Ottawa to the Island of Montreal, doing half the journey one week and driving down the following week to resume where they

left off. Morse and I had made 15-mile day trips in the Gatineau Valley, one man carrying the canoe and the other a pack-sack weighted with Canada Year Books. Only John Endemann, the newcomer from South Africa who didn't know what he was getting into, was too busy to take part in these preliminary workouts.

We prepared for the journey in other ways too. All winter we read the records of voyageur times.

Most of La Vérendrye's journals have been lost, but we read what is left of them. We read Alexander Henry, the first and most engaging of the Yankee traders who flocked to the Northwest after New France fell, and his nephew and namesake who traveled over the same territory forty years later. We read David Thompson, the scholarly servant of two fur-trading companies, first explorer to carry a sextant through the Northwest, and respectfully mentioned in other journals of the time as "Mr. Astronomer Thompson." We read Sir Alexander Mackenzie and his clansman Roderick, who gave a precise description of the route with every portage named and paced off; Daniel Harmon, the priggish New Englander who was scandalized that voyageurs worked on the Sabbath but who promptly accepted a Chippewa chief's offer of his comely daughter as a "companion" during his stay in the woods; Dr. John J. Bigsby, who went as physician, draftsman and historian with the Boundary Survey Commission under "Mr. Astronomer Thompson" in 1823.

Eric Morse even took the trouble to copy out the passages from these old journals that refer specifically to our route. In his best Canadian Club manner he would read them to us in the evenings as we sat around the cooking fire consuming our ration of



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rye (3½ ounces per man per day) and waiting for one of Sig Olson's pike chowders to cook.

It wasn't too difficult to imagine those old times when we sat down in the Grand Portage trading post, the night before we set out, to dine on a lake trout a Chippewa had caught for us three hours earlier. Grand Portage today is a somnolent little Indian village, far fallen since 1,200 voyageurs met there each summer, when the Montreal partners of the Northwest Company came out "wrapped in rich furs, their huge canoes freighted with every convenience and luxury." But the trading post is a faithful replica of the Nor'Westers' fort, rebuilt on the original site in the Thirties as a relief project by the Roosevelt Administration. It's now operated on a concession basis for the U. S. Indian affairs bureau.

Around it as of old is a palisade of sharpened cedar posts seven or eight feet high, with bastions at each corner for the sentries. The archaic effect is somewhat marred by a modern steel-wire fence across the main gate, but inside the fort it's easy to slip back into the past. Stacked around are samples of Indian work, paddles and moccasins and fringed deerskin jackets; hanging from the ceiling is a 27-foot birch-bark canoe, the kind that once carried 3,000 pounds of goods and six or eight men from Lake Superior to the Red River.

We were standing under that canoe as we packed our own modest cargo—three packs for each of our three canoes. They were light this year, for we had learned the hard way what not to bring. Our sleeping bags weighed only three pounds apiece, a little skimpy for a really cool night but plenty if you bring along a suit of long underwear. Spare clothing was cut to

a minimum. We each had a heavy shirt and blue jeans to keep off the flies on the portages, swimming trunks to wear in the canoes; light moccasins and spare socks to put on in the evenings when we got our canvas gym boots wet, as we did almost every day; a sweater for cool mornings and a peaked cap for sunny afternoons, and that was about it.

Sig Olson, who did all the cooking, had chosen and bought all the food, and we were amazed at the variety he could get in a minimum of weight and space. The six of us ate about twenty pounds of food a day; all of it was carried bone dry and most of it in light paper containers. Sig had cereals for breakfast, pancake and biscuit and muffin mixes for bread. He had dehydrated stews, blocks of corned beef, a side of bacon that lasted more than a week and summer sausages that would have lasted until Doomsday. He had dried fruits, pudding powders, hard bar chocolate and three kinds of jam. We ate like kings, or like corporants, at each of our fifty-four meals.

However, the packs felt heavy enough when we shouldered them and turned our backs on Lake Superior for the eight-mile carry to old Fort Charlotte (now not even a ruin, just a few grass-grown mounds). This long haul would take us past the rapids and falls that form the lower reaches of Pigeon River. Another fifty miles of stiff paddling, pulling and carrying upstream would take us to the height of land. From there on, the old journals assured us, it would be easy—by far the shortest, straightest, pleasantest route from the Great Lakes to the Great Plains.

Mosquitoes Were Guests

At the outset even the explorers admitted the going was hard. Pierre de la Vérendrye went over it for the first time on Aug. 26, 1731, and reported later that "all our people, in dismay at the length of the portage, three leagues, mutinied and loudly demanded that I should turn back."

The mutiny cheated La Vérendrye of a personal honor. He led the first party of white men to use this historic route, just as Col. John Hunt led the party that climbed Everest, but La Vérendrye like Hunt had to let someone else go first. His nephew La Jemeraye persuaded a few volunteers to press on, blaze the trail to Rainy Lake and tap the rich fur trade of the interior. La Vérendrye had to winter on Lake Superior with the timorous mutineers, who would only go farther after La Jemeraye's band returned in the spring with a rich haul of beaver.

On a warm cloudy Thursday morning this summer we understood how La Vérendrye's mutinous voyageurs felt.

There is no drinking water along the Grand Portage. For lunch, at which we were hosts to a million mosquitoes, we ate dry cheese sandwiches and chocolate bars—nothing liquid except an extra flask of whisky Tony Lovink had thoughtfully brought along. This was good, but it wasn't exactly a thirst quencher for men who had sweated several pints since breakfast.

The trail itself is in pretty good shape—apparently better now than when Dr. Bigsby went over it in 1823, only 21 years after a new U. S. tariff had stopped the flow of Canadian goods, forced the Northwest Company to use a new all-Canadian route starting from Fort William, and brought a sudden end to Grand Portage's days of glory. We waded knee-deep through buttercups and daisies, instead of the "briars and coppice" which Bigsby deplored. But in one respect the portage seems unchanged.

"This is a labor," Sir Alexander

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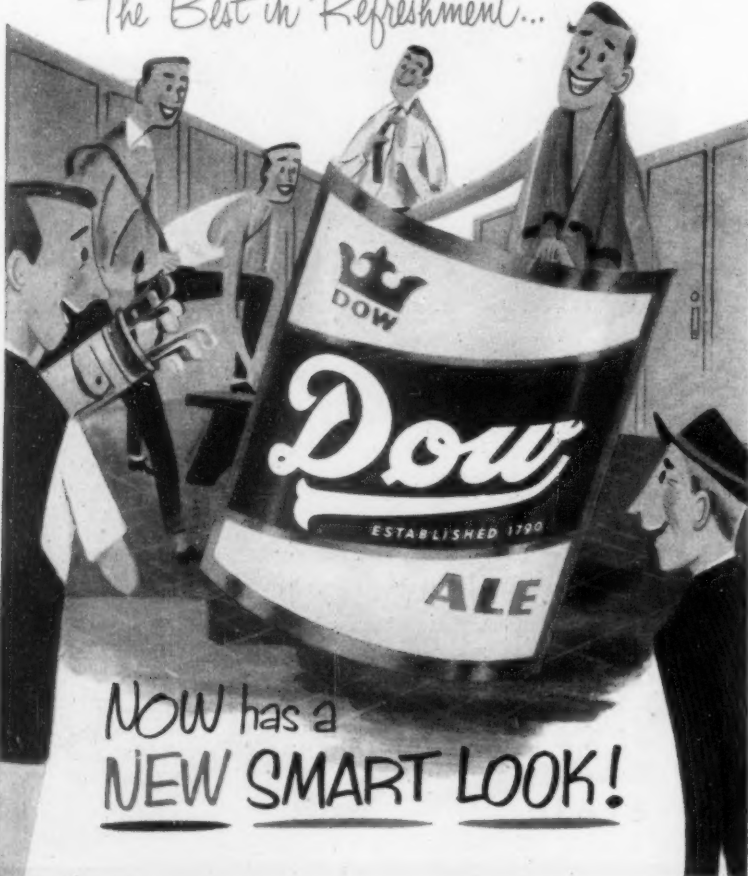


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Mackenzie remarked, "which cattle cannot conveniently perform in summer, as both horses and oxen have been tried by the company without success."

Ahead of us for part of the way we could see jeep tracks, probably left by some Indian bringing out a moose carcass, although most Indians don't bother using a vehicle. The Chipewas carrying our extra packsacks trucked them to where the old trail crosses U.S. Highway 61. For the rest of the way they carried the packs as we did, on their backs. Man, it seems, is still the most suitable beast of burden for this country.

We didn't stop at Fort Charlotte, as the traveler did in the old days. Then it was a comfortable post at the western end of Grand Portage; now we could find only a faint rectangle of low mounds which, in Sig Olson's opinion, marked the old foundations. Nothing else remains, though the swampy woods still swarm with biting insects.

We pushed off as soon as we could and paddled upstream a couple of miles to the next portage, the quarter-mile or so around Partridge Falls.

"A hundred and twenty feet," Sir Alexander Mackenzie called this cataract, though Bigsby's survey commission found it was only 49. In any case it is beautiful, and the rocky shelf at the top is comparatively free of insects. Even though the afternoon was less than half gone we made this our first camp site.

A Rowboat from the Sky

Next morning, three miles farther upstream, we found "La Prairie" or "The Meadow" which was a favorite stop for the fur traders. They too used to stop early on the first day and sample the liquor issued at Grand Portage. The Meadow, as the younger Alexander Henry remarked, provides "plenty of elbow room for the men's antics."

We had been puzzled to find this night stop so near the starting point at Fort Charlotte, but that day we found the reason. There isn't another camp site on the whole rough length of the Pigeon River.

All day we sweated and strained upstream. We found and hacked our way through the overgrown Caribou Portage, but we passed by—unfortunately—the mile-and-a-half trail that would have led us into Fowl Lake. Instead we went on up the river, which is deceptively quiet at this point but soon becomes again one shallow continuous rapid.

Altogether we had five and a half miles of rapids that day. We hauled the canoes up, wading anywhere from knee to waist deep in water so fast we could hardly keep our footing. Then we came upon a high dam in a gorge we couldn't get through—we had to find and blaze a portage of our own next morning. That was the hardest day of the whole trip. Even Solandt and Lovink, ordinarily as durable as a pair of bull moose, admitted they were all in when we made camp on a hill overlooking Fowl Lake.

We had a letdown waiting for us, too. On the Pigeon River we salved our weariness by reflecting that this was wilderness seldom traveled since the fur traders stopped using it. On Fowl Lake, the first thing we saw was a shiny aluminum rowboat brought in by plane. As we paddled through next morning, planes came down every half-hour or so with fishing parties from Minnesota.

That was almost the last we saw of airborne trippers, though. Before the day was out we had reached the Superior National Forest, on the left

Music Stews This Savage Breast

My son plays music every day
In notes that screech and moan
and cloy.
Why can't he softly sneak away
From practice like a normal boy?

JOHN M. GRAY

shore of each lake as we paddled along the international boundary. There the United States maintains a roadless area and forbids aircraft to land. Every other nook and cranny of the continent is accessible by air but the U. S. protects this fragment of wilderness from hit-and-run visitations.

On the Canadian side, authorities refuse to let U. S. fliers come down and circumvent American law. In spite of recommendations from conservation groups there is not yet a law to forbid flying in from Canadian points.

One reminder of the twentieth century we never quite escaped along the boundary canoe route was the outboard motor. All the way from Gunflint Lake, just over the height of land, to big Basswood Lake that runs deep into Minnesota the portages are short and easy, the country is beautiful and the fishing is first class. Lots of people are willing to carry small boats and light motors over the portages here. Only in the heart of Quetico Provincial Park, north of Basswood Lake and off the shortest and easiest way west, could we count on silence all day.

We got to Basswood Lake, roughly halfway to Rainy Lake, in seven and a half days, about the normal time for a fur trading "brigade." Not that we were trying to race anybody living or dead. We were astonished to learn when we got home that we'd "failed to equal La Vérendrye's record." We didn't know what his record was, but we did know such comparisons are meaningless.

We, for example, had the advantage over La Vérendrye of knowing where we were going. We had no guides, and not even Sig Olson had been over all of the route before, but we did have large-scale maps with every headland shown and every portage marked. We were never once in doubt about where we were. We had a different advantage over later voyageurs who knew the route blindfold: no cargo. They had to move a ton and a half of lading for each canoe across the 35 portages between Lake Superior and Basswood Lake. Our three canoes and nine packs could be taken over a short portage in one trip, and any portage in two.

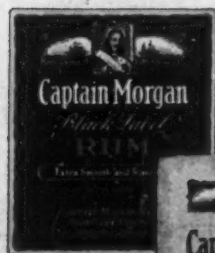
On the rare occasions when voyageurs traveled light they really traveled fast. The younger Alexander Henry, waiting at Basswood Lake for a new canoe, noted in his diary: "At one o'clock Roderick Mackenzie arrived in a light canoe, two days out from Lac la Pluie (Rainy Lake) and expecting to reach Grand Portage early on the 29th—i.e. in two days more, three and a half times as fast as we had come."

Traveling light then meant more than it does now. A man's food was Indian corn, one quart per man per day, boiled in lye to soften it and reheated on the voyage in a little bacon grease. Nothing else was provided, not even salt.

"This mode of victualing is essential to the trade," the elder Henry soberly remarked, "which, being pursued at great distances and in vessels so small as canoes, will not permit of any other food. If the men were to be supplied



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 I've a table reserved...
 let the fun begin!
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In your will to be strong and free.
Whistle at 5 a.m. if you must, son.
Go ahead — whistle! And don't mind me!

P. J. BLACKWELL

with bread and pork the canoes would
not carry a sufficiency for six months,
and the ordinary duration of the voyage
(into the interior for a fur trading
season) is not less than 14."

We had a variety of food that would
have made a voyageur's eyes pop. We
had two dozen fresh eggs and heaven
knows how many powdered; we had six
enormous steaks for the first night out,
and a whole ham to be eaten in the first
two or three days; with our various
dehydrated meals and ready-mixed
flours we had powdered milk and
powdered cream and sugar and butter
and jam. Also we kept a strict ration
on our nine 40-ounce bottles of rye
whisky, so we had to carry some all the
way instead of drinking it up as the
voyageurs did in one riotous binge.

The Governor and His Bride

When we set out from Basswood
Lake for the second leg of the journey,
(after reprovisioning at a friend's sum-
mer place) our food weighed 180
pounds. We had to carry every ounce
of it over the long portage into Lake
Kahshahpiwi—half a mile up a rocky
mountainside, another half mile down
again, with a soggy bog cupped in the
middle at the summit. Anyone who has
gone over this portage is entitled to
membership in the Kahshahpiwi Club,
an exclusive organization which offers
its members no privileges whatever.

We cut north from Basswood Lake
through the Kahshahpiwi chain to take
in another famous old route to the west.
This was the so-called "New Route"
that started at Fort William up the
Kaministiquia River, the route the
Northwest Company used after the
U. S. tariff cut them off from Grand
Portage in 1802. It was the path over
which Sir George Simpson, the fabulous
Hudson's Bay Company governor, car-
ried his young bride 120 years ago.
Also—and this attracted us most of all
—it was the site of that most pathetic
of Canadian enterprises, the Dawson
Road.

Simon James Dawson, a Canadian
Government civil engineer in the 1850s
and 1860s, had the vision to see that if
young Canada were going to claim
sovereignty over the Northwest Ter-
ritories she would have to find some
way of getting to them without travel-
ing through the U. S. He first surveyed
the Northwest Company's canoe route
in 1857, and reported that a connected
series of roads and canals, with steam
barges on the larger lakes, was a per-
fectly feasible way of linking east and
west.

Ottawa did nothing about the Daw-
son survey for more than a decade.
Then half-heartedly, in 1868, work be-
gan on the Dawson Road westward
from Port Arthur (then called Daw-
son's Landing) and eastward from the
Red River Settlement. In fact, sur-
veys for the Dawson Road there were a
contributing cause of the Riel Rebel-
lion in 1870.

The Red River Expedition, 400 regu-
lars and 800 Canadian militia sent to
put down the rebellion, finished the

Dawson Road. It took them three
months of miserable toil—when a rein-
forcement expedition went out later
the same year it covered the distance
in three weeks. Later the steam barge
service was installed, the corduroy
roads improved. No canals were dug,
but dams, still standing, lengthened the
navigable stretches on the lakes.

Dawson's Road is still visible along
the Maligne River, the cedar logs not
quite rotted away. Sig Olson found and
cached a rusty propeller from one of the
steam barges.

They are relics of a failure. Daw-
son's Road was abandoned even before
the CPR went through and made it
obsolete. The reason it failed was not
the railway alone, though it was pos-
sible even then to go west by rail
through the U. S. But as late as the
1870s, the cheapest way was still by
canoe. Knowing that, and paddling
down the same streams and lakes and
over the same portages that still bear
the same names, we felt close to the
voyageurs.

Through the virgin wilderness of
Quetico Park, and even in the western



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end of Rainy Lake, where half the islands have summer cottages and "No Trespassing" signs, we were able to cling to that sense of the living past. Finally, on the last nine miles of the trip, we met one of the commonest hazards of the voyageur, a big wind on a big lake. We rounded the point of a sheltering island and found ourselves in what must have been a 30-mile gale.

How the laden canoes of old made out in such weather, we couldn't understand. Early chronicles note that with 3,000 pounds and a crew of six or eight in a canoe the gunwales sank within inches of the water. Our aluminum canoes were carrying no more than 500 pounds including our own weight, and they rode the three-foot rollers beautifully. But even they took water two or three times, and at every wave the bow man was drenched. The six of us looked and felt like drowned rats when we finally got to Fort Frances. It took us four hours to paddle the nine miles.

We hadn't more than set foot on the dock before civilization caught up with us. A family of recent immigrants from The Netherlands had been waiting to shake hands with Ambassador Lovink. Tony had been paddling bow and glistened with water all over. He had nothing on but a pair of spun-glass swimming trunks and a peaked cap with a gull's feather in it. He stepped ashore and greeted his compatriots with as much aplomb as if he were wearing striped pants and morning coat. Then he faded unobtrusively to the rear and came back with blue jeans and a shirt on.

We went into town after that, self-conscious about our twice-peeled noses and our black fingernails, and oppressively aware of the twentieth century. But we had one more experience to

strengthen our feeling of contact with the past. In Fort Frances we talked to Captain William J. Wilson, now 87, who came out by canoe in 1881 as a boy of 14. He came to join his father, who had come out the year before and already had a bit of farmland cleared—part of the farm where Wilson now lives in retirement.

"There were twenty-four of us in four canoes, men, women and children," Captain Wilson said. "I was counted a man—I was nearly fourteen, and paddled bow all the way. We went by train from Port Arthur to the Savanne River (about fifty miles inland) and paddled from there to Fort Frances in eleven days."

What did they have to eat?

"Flour, salt pork and tea. We used to make a kind of bread each night, and we caught some fish and rabbits."

Did they have tents?

"No, you slept wherever you could find a flat spot. Two blankets apiece."

What did they do about the mosquitoes and black flies?

"Just let 'em bite."

Did they have their goods done up in packs for the portages?

"It was a jumble—everything in a heap. I remember one man had a hive of bees and several had ducks and hens."

That was the only way to get to Fort Frances through Canadian territory for nearly twenty more years—until near the turn of the century when Mackenzie and Mann ran a line from Port Arthur to Rainy Lake, even though the CPR had gone through to Winnipeg in the early Eighties.

Canadians Were Strangers

As we drove back to the hotel after talking to the 87-year-old pioneer, I asked newcomer John Endemann the question I hadn't dared put to him before: "Are you glad you came? Was it worthwhile?"

His answer took a weight off my conscience. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything," he said. "It was hard, very hard at times, but it was good. You know, in the foreign service we like to get to know the countries to which we are posted. I feel I have learned something of Canada that I couldn't have learned any other way."

He was absolutely right, of course, but the sad fact is that too few Canadians learn it either. In our whole trip we hadn't met a Canadian.

We met Boy Scouts from Oklahoma, who'd come as far as Basswood Lake in a school bus and then had paddled in for three days. We met other visitors from Missouri, Louisiana, Texas, Minnesota. They were all ages—year before last, at Split Frock Falls, our party met a father and son from the State of Washington who'd been going out together for more than 50 years. The father was 86 and his son a boy of 60.

But the Ontario Forest Ranger at Basswood Lake hadn't sold a single Canadian fishing license for Quetico Provincial Park all season. We were the first Canadian tourists he had seen in 1954, and the last he expected to see.

This isn't mere apathy. Until recently Quetico Park has been almost inaccessible from Canada, though wide open to the U.S. You had to get up at 3 a.m. to take a train from Fort William to Kawene—and there you'd find no outfitters and no accommodation.

Now the highway has been opened from Fort William to Atikokan, and for the first time it's possible to drive to the edge of Quetico Park on the Canadian side. Canadians can now set up outfitting stations to help other Canadians to a glimpse of this neglected bit of our national heritage. ★



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The Surest Way To Get a Job

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

but they point up the importance of going downtown every morning. It's the only way to keep things rolling when you start after a job. Go into every lead, no matter how depressing it looks, and take any job that comes along, even if you use it just as a stepping stone. It's always easier to get a job when you already have one. You can then offer the man you apply to the added inducement of being able to steal you from another employer, which will fill him with cynical delight. But be fair with the man you're leaving. First, because you *should* be fair; second, because your new employer will regard the way you give your notice as a preview of how you'll use him if something better comes along. Just to give you an idea of how

dismal jobs can lead to something desirable, I took a job once selling coke from door to door for a Toronto fuel company during a period of bleak winter weather. Our crew manager, the coldest-looking man I've ever seen, before or since, used to split us up each morning into two-man teams, giving instructions through a crack between his coat collar and his hat brim, then make for a coffee shop. We'd all be there by the time he arrived.

But the thing is, my teammate had an uncle negotiating to get him a job in a toy department and he got me a job there too. I moved from there to the display department and was there till one day I stood in my stocking feet with my mouth full of pins rearranging a lot of blankets on a long plank. I took them off from one end until I passed the centre of gravity when the plank went up like the stern of a sinking ship, knocked a five-foot pyramid of canned goods over and put me out the window. I was transferred to the advertising department where

there were no windows but more opportunity. That's another point: employers are reluctant to fire anyone who is willing.

Taking the first job that comes along with your eye on something else might be interpreted by some people as job jumping. There's a limit to job jumping; it's reached when employers begin to look on you as flighty and unreliable. But up to that point, I recommend it heartily, particularly for young people, and for good reason. It's a tendency of human nature to identify a man with the lowest point of his career. There's a bewildered, mildly bitter man in every office who will be thought of as Willy the Office Boy until he has grey hair and sixteen grandchildren, just because he *was* Willy the office boy. No matter how much he knows, or how he has matured, older employers will always think of him as Willy the Office Boy who got a lot of good breaks. When he asks for a raise from \$60 to \$70 a week, his boss won't think, "Well that's fair enough, he's

worth \$80." He'll think, probably without actually formulating the thought: "This guy is never satisfied. I remember when he was making only \$16 a week, and now he's asking for \$70."

The only way to break this up in some cases is to move in on a new office. When you change jobs you come in loaded with the prestige of an outsider, with a vaguely glamorous and high-voltage past, particularly if you play your cards right. One of the cards, by the way, is to ask for a high-enough salary. There are limits to this too, of course. But don't make the mistake of thinking if you ask for forty dollars a week, when you think the job might be worth sixty-five, the man you're applying to will think: "This boy is so modest and eager to work he isn't interested in money." What he'll think is "Here's a \$40-a-week man. This job calls for a \$60-a-week man. He won't do."

An apparently insurmountable obstacle to young people is the fact that they can't get jobs without having had experience and they can't get the experience without getting a job. This sounds insoluble, like the fact that man couldn't make tools without first having tools, so according to the best logic we are still stuck with stone axes. But employers are hiring not just skill but character, especially in young people. You can sell your character, but don't make up your mind too definitely about what character you are trying to sell. Let the employer make up his own mind what kind of a person you are and how you'll fit into his business. Just give him a lot of facts to work on. One of the best ways is to make up a presentation, a sort of sales catalogue on yourself. Don't go in too extensively for where you were born and where you went to school, which is dull stuff. Most employers couldn't care less. Just make yourself look alive.

Make Your Lies Good

Put in things like the fact that you shoot a good game of golf. Sometimes playing golf means more than standing first in business administration or winning a cup for elocution. You never know what will be important anyway. I remember one job I kept for six months because my boss hated the office manager, who hated me even more, ever since the day I held over \$50,000 worth of internal invoices into another fiscal year because they got down behind my desk. Every time he met my boss in the hall or in the lunchroom he'd always start his conversation with, "Say, J. B., why in the hell don't you fire that Allen?" My boss used to come back chuckling and tell me about it as if he'd just put over a big deal. He kept me around for laughs.

I don't exactly recommend lying about your experience, but don't be too quick to volunteer the information that you don't know anything. Most jobs, if you go at them the right way, you can learn soon enough. Employers don't altogether blame you. Most of them are curious to see if you have enough on the ball to make your lies good. During the depression employers always took it for granted that you were lying when you said you were experienced at anything.

I knew a woman with drooping eyelids who applied for a job as a secretary without even knowing how to type. She got the job and stalled along for three weeks, working at nights with two fingers. Every time the boss began hovering around for a letter in the daytime, she burst out crying and told him she wouldn't be bullied. Before he'd got up the nerve to tell her she was fired she had actually learned



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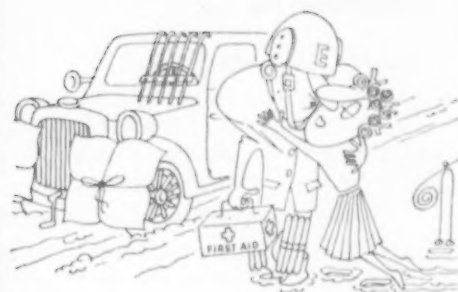
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How to have your car prepared for a trouble-free winter



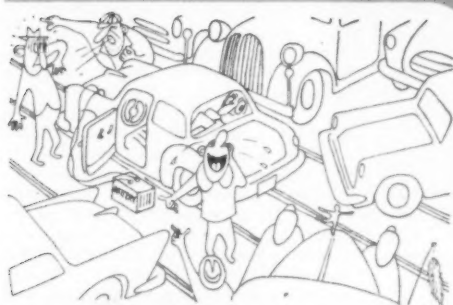
Meet low temperature hazards with a winterized cooling system

Unprepared cooling systems cost Canadian motorists hundreds of dollars every winter. Don't let it happen to you. Winterize your car's cooling system, today. Make sure your radiator is thoroughly cleaned and filled with an approved anti-freeze. Check hose connections, water pump, thermostats and fan-belt, too. These precautions taken now will save you motoring headaches this winter.



Take these safety precautions Collisions cost time and money

To avoid trouble this winter have your vehicle safety-checked today. Your local service man will be glad to check your steering, suspension, brakes, tires, exhaust system and defrosters. He can tell you why snow-tires with their special treads will keep you moving even under difficult road conditions. As an added precaution why not carry a first-aid kit? And remember to drive your car with extra caution while streets are covered with ice and snow.



Avoid cold weather "let-downs" with conditioned electrical parts

Will this winter find you out in the cold, stranded with a dead battery, or failing electrical system on your car? Now, before cold weather sets in, is the time to see your service specialist. He will test your battery, generator, starter, spark plugs, distributor and lights and make adjustments or replacements where necessary. He can supply you with moisture absorbents to prevent frozen fuel lines, too. Then you'll be able to drive with confidence all winter long.



Check these items and you'll drive in comfort

A few minutes of your time now will ensure many hours of comfortable driving this winter. Take time to have your heater inspected, and replace or refit weatherstripping around doors and windows. See that your wheel alignment is ready for winter's pounding. Carry a shovel and a bag of sand in your trunk in case of emergencies. These small items, taken care of now, will mean a lot to you in time and temper once the snow starts to fly.



Canadian winters demand winter grade lubricants

Give your automobile a break—change over to winter grade oils and greases as recommended by your car manufacturer, now. Have your oil filter serviced. Ask about special additives for increased performance. Water, slush and snow all shorten the effective life of chassis lubricants, so have your car checked regularly and completely lubricated every 1000 miles. Be ready for easier, happier motoring this winter.



Ensure economy and reliability with a winter tune-up

Those little knocks and rattles that escape your attention today can develop into major troubles once the temperature starts dropping. Have your serviceman adjust the carburetor and choke, clean the fuel-pump and make all the necessary corrections to give you a dependable, responsive engine regardless of the weather. Under-coating will protect your car from salt corrosion and noise and a quality polish or wax job will save the finish from winter wear.



Your service specialist is a good man to know

Your local service specialist and his staff are the best friends your car will ever have. Visit them regularly. They will be glad to discuss your particular motoring problems and have the know-how, the experience and the equipment to keep you humming along the roadways throughout the winter months. Make an appointment for Car Saver Service, today.



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Bewildered...

Instinct is a peculiar thing.

Man has always been puzzled by the uncanny instinct shown by the lower forms of life. Probably one of the most amazing examples is the unerring accuracy usually shown by racing pigeons in returning to their lofts.

But occasionally they do become bewildered.

A short while ago a group of pigeon racing fans gathered for a monster race; hundreds of birds were to compete. The hour arrived and off went the birds, straight for home. Everything was fine for a few miles... then something went haywire. It was as if a spell had been cast. Instinct and sense of direction vanished and the air filled with fluttering flapping pigeons, as lost as any sheep. A few got back on course... but most never did get home.

What happened? No one can say for sure, but maybe the nearby radar station was the culprit. Perhaps it "jammed" the pigeons "wave length".

Sometimes investors are thrown "off course" too... and they are puzzled as to what to do. That's where we come in. Plotting investment courses... or helping people get "back on course" is part of our business... has been for years.

Here at Ames we think you'll find the kind of people you'll like to do business with... experienced people who can help you make decisions to suit your personal investment needs.

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"THAT'S CANADIAN '74' PORT! BLINDFOLDED, YOU CAN'T SEE THE LABEL... BUT YOU CAN TASTE THE QUALITY!"

BEHIND THIS LABEL...

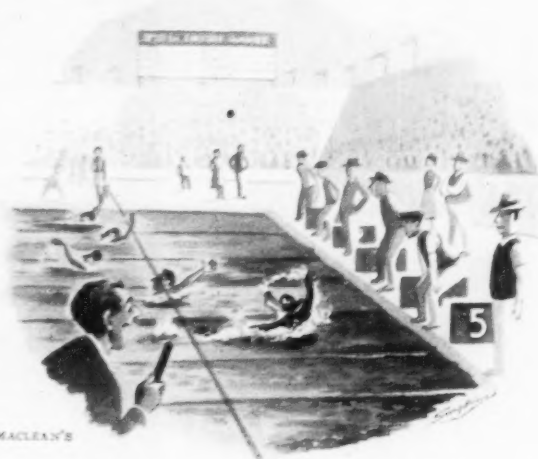
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A TRULY FINE WINE

For your free copy of the 30-page full-colour booklet "Bright and Cheery Recipes", write Bright's Wines, Lachine, Quebec.

JASPER

By Simpkins



"... and in the lead from Alberta, Canada ..."

how to type properly. She also learned how to help him out with his wife who was always calling in the middle of meetings to tell him something was on fire. She became so useful to him that he began giving her raises to keep her from quitting.

When you write to apply for a job don't give a play-by-play description of everything you've done since you gave up your last paper route. Employers get all mixed up trying to sort out letters that go:

Dear Sir—On July 17, 1953, I started work as a belt oiler in a wholesale mash house. I was there until September 3, of the same year, when I moved to a cash-and-carry ice stand which I managed until I left in November to become a guide at Casa Loma where I remained until May 27 of the following spring when my feet gave out and I spent three weeks at my father's cottage on Lake Simcoe, followed by a job with a canoe company in Peterborough, where I was introduced to...

This way it will take pages before you come to your last job with the Pedunk Can Company. The trick is to summarize. Do the guy's work for him, not only by boiling it down but by interpreting it for him. It would be a lot easier on everyone's nerves if this went something like:

I've had a series of minor jobs since leaving school which gave me some knowledge of wholesale feed, refrigeration, water craft and the tourist industry, but my experience has been chiefly in cost accounting with the Pedunk Can Company...

And for Pete's sake, speak English. None of those letters that go:

I solicited and secured a position in the employ of the T. Eaton Company in the capacity of a sales representative in the men's hosiery section where my responsibilities consisted of endeavoring to provide the general public with hosiery that suited their particular needs...

The way to avoid this sort of thing is to imagine yourself sitting opposite your best friend over a cup of coffee, with two minutes before catching a bus to fill him in on what you've been doing. You'd say something like: "I sold socks for Eaton's, and believe me I learned about feet..."

Don't get too personal, and none of

those cute phrases like "I am of good appearance, I am told." Most people are, and if you're not, you're not going to be told anyway. Besides, the man you're writing to might look like a gargoyle and you'll make him mad. And don't bother telling him of your fine habits. He'll assume you haven't a criminal record and you don't take dope. Don't write your letter in the form of a ledger under headings: Experience, Background, Parents, Ambition, Appearance, Education. The guy doesn't want a ledger. He wants to hear from a human being, not a book-keeping machine.

When you can get away with it, say very little of anything in your letter. Just try to make him curious enough to give you an appointment. Give him a few hints that make you look mighty good to him and say you'd like to meet him. Don't sound too anxious about that either. Take the tone that it's taken for granted that he wouldn't refuse you, and ask him what time is the most convenient for him.

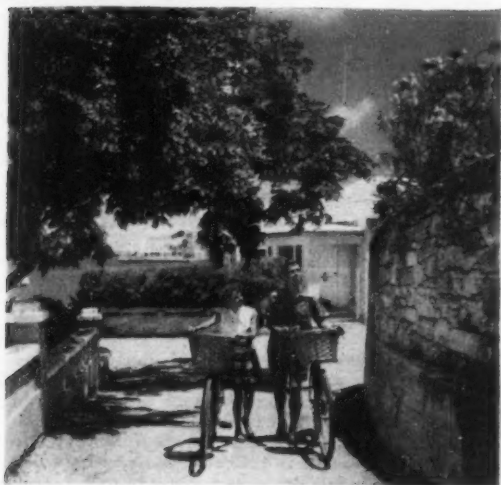
He's Missing a Million

You'll get lots of advice about the way to make an impression when you apply for a job. Most of it you'll be wise to pass up, like the idea, usually delivered with a gay laugh, that you should make yourself such a nuisance that somebody will have to hire you. Evidently Cary Grant did this once in a movie years ago. Actually what you'll do is make the man you're annoying so determined not to hire you that it will practically become his philosophy of life.

Another fallacy is that instead of just asking for a job, you should tell a man what he is missing by not hiring you. This is fine in theory, but businessmen like to follow their own particular train of worries, and to look up and see some youngster with popeyes and pimples who snaps, "I, sir, have come here to offer you something—me," is enough to have him fishing for the bottle in his bring-up file.

One time I tried that approach and it ended with me, red-faced, shouting at a wool importer, "You mean to say that if I can show you how to make a million dollars more a year, you still don't want to talk to me?" He sat with his hat on behind a dusty roll-topped desk, looking at me out of pale

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Where minutes fly by cycling, playing tennis, swimming, sailing, fishing.

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Where the golfer plays his best.

Wonderful

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Where days are coloured with blue sky, blue sea, pink sandy beaches, brilliant foliage. Where hours are busy picnicking, shopping, sightseeing... or loafed away under a kindly sun. Sail leisurely in a luxurious ocean liner or speed to these Islands in a few hours in a sleek modern airliner... live in a fine hotel or delightful guest house... here, in wonderful Bermuda, you'll find your happiest and gayest holiday.

A Recommendation: All Bermuda's hotels, guest houses and carriers suggest you arrange your holiday through your Travel Agent. He is an expert in planning vacations and will save you time and money.

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Write for the beautifully illustrated, full colour, 16-page booklet, "Bermuda Welcomes You," and the Travel Kit which gives you information on hotels, guest houses, shops, transportation facilities.



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GENTLEMEN: Please send me, without charge, the Travel Kit which contains "Bermuda Welcomes You."

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TRAVELLING AROUND

The first thing you notice in Bermuda is the tempo—easy-going and unhurried—that, to us at least, is so appealing. Apparently thousands of others think so too, for during the last few years Bermuda has become even more popular than ever. Trans-Canada Air Lines offers excellent four-engined North Star luxury service between major Canadian centres and Bermuda. It's less than 5 hours of restful, comfortable flying-time from Montreal and Toronto to this happy, holiday island and the first class fare is only \$161.00 return. So it's well worthwhile flying TCA to Bermuda—saves so much of your precious holiday time and it's economical too!

Considering how small

Bermuda is—only 24 miles long—the variety of living accommodations is amazing. The Belmont Manor Hotel with its 18-hole golf course and the waterside Inverurie provide everything for vacation fun. Bermuda's largest seaside resort, Castle Harbour ranks as one of the world's greatest hotels. Hub of social activities is Elbow Beach Surf Club, an oceanside "resort estate," with beautiful beach, sports, dancing nightly. Pool or Beach, the Princess Hotel, Cottages and Beach Club has each, plus a beautiful harbour setting near Hamilton's shops and activities.

Unique to us is the Bermuda guest house where you seem to be a guest in your own home. Cambridge Beaches is a distinctive cottage colony with bathing and water sports at your door. Faraway Cottage Colony has one of Bermuda's finest beaches—ideal if you're taking the children on a family holiday. Newstead, a charming early-Bermuda mansion overlooking Hamilton Harbour, offers sports, magnificent location, congenial surroundings. The Mid-Ocean Club boasts a world-famous golf course, a beautiful secluded beach, congenial atmosphere.



Leaving Bermuda without a new sweater, at least, is unheard of.

We're happy to report that Hamilton's shops display the best Europe has to offer. You can pick up a perfect gift in Wm. Bluck & Co. in china, glass, silver or furniture. You'll find a complete stock of foreign cameras in The Camera Shop where printing and developing are done. A. S. Cooper & Sons overwhelm you with imported china, silver, antiques, furnishings and fine clothing for men and women. Peniston-Brown Co. has an outstanding selection of Guerlain, Caron, Lanvin, Patou, Chanel, Corday, Nina-Ricci, Millot perfumes. H. A. & E. Smith is the big store in Bermuda with just about everything in clothing, furnishings, and antiques. If you can't find the clothing you want at Trimmingham's you are hard to please. For tooth paste, razor blades and such there's a Rexall drug store. The Phoenix, on Queen Street. Out in lovely Somerset, in The Irish Linen Shop, you'll find the most beautiful linen for every need. And your holiday isn't complete until you see how, through enflourage and distillation, delicate Lili Perfumes are made.

Shopping finished, you'll probably want to relax after dinner. At The Bermudiana Theatre your favourite stars perform, and Tuesday nights are special, with a show and gala party. Come on down, it's wonderful.

(Advertisement)

blue eyes, and cracked, "That's about it. There are limits to what I'll do for money."

One of the tricks of applying for a job, particularly when jobs are hard to get, is to identify yourself. To someone who sees thousands of applicants a day, you are just another uninteresting problem with a slightly different arrangement of nose and ears. Some men go to great lengths to overcome this. One copy writer I knew used to travel around to the advertising agencies with two Russian wolf-hounds on a leash, smoking cigarettes

in a long green holder and wearing white spats. He'd ask the switchboard girl for a yard of brown wrapping paper. She'd think it had something to do with the dogs. He'd scribble on it in letters a foot high, "I am here," roll it up into a tight ball, hand it to the startled girl, tell her to give it to Mr. So-and-So, and glare at her over his cigarette holder until her nerves cracked and she gave in.

These theatrical tricks might not suit your temperament and there's no use trying them if they don't. But there are ways of drawing attention to

suit almost any personality. By asking to see the boss about "something personal" I once got past three secretaries and the personnel manager of one organization before an alert vice-president headed me off and began to steer me toward the elevator. Just then the boss himself came out of his office, peered at me suspiciously and boomed at both of us, "What does this man want?" When the vice-president told him I wanted a job he said, "Well, give him one," and kept on going. Probably he thought if I was tricky enough to get that far I

was worth having around just to make sure where I was.

While you should follow every lead to get a job, never answer an ad that says you can make \$1,000 a week on commission. During the depression there was column after column of exciting opportunities like this. None of them paid less than \$1,000 a month, while in the ordinary help-wanted ads, which involved salaries, there were always just about two, one for an experienced, sober, Christian barrel staver, the other for a Hoffman presser. I don't know what a Hoffman press is to this day. I think it's one of those things you press men's pants with, although it could press tops on bottles or rose petals. All I know is that all through the depression they wanted Hoffman pressers, and they still do. I'll bet if you look at the paper tonight you'll see an ad for one. Sometimes, when things get tough, I still think that if I had my life to live over again I'd be a Hoffman presser.

It's not that you can't make the money on these commission jobs if you're a particular type, but the chances are you aren't. I'll never forget one ad I answered. I was always so self-conscious that I got tongue-tied just meeting people in the normal way. But I was desperate for a job. I had no idea what I was to sell, except that it sold like hot cakes. They sent me around to learn the business with a guy named Findlay who wore a stained double-breasted checked suit and a black hat. He was always chewing a toothpick and looking at the upper stories of buildings.

Alger Didn't Give Up

After we'd stood like that for about a half an hour he suddenly held up his hand to stop traffic, crossed the street and led me up to the sixteenth floor of an office building. We waited till someone was coming out through a frosted-glass door, slipped in, walked past six men at desks to a motherly looking woman at the back of the office. There my instructor made a bow, gave her a great smile and, while I hid behind a pillar, sold her six packages of hand cleaner, a set of nesting saucepans, enough corn plasters to keep a marathon dance going indefinitely and a stick of sealing wax—all for a dollar down. He then disappeared into a tavern across the street.

When you get right down to it, getting a job is a job in itself, with its own tricks, skill, disappointments, inspired moments, and long dull stretches in between. The most important thing is to keep trying. This may sound like a dog-eared bit of advice, and suggest a naive sort of Horatio Alger morality. But most good advice gets dog-eared, and there's a practical reason for persistence in job hunting that really has nothing to do with dimpled chins and sterling character.

Few sales managers are clean-cut dimpled fellows, but they know the value of persistence so well that they insist on salesmen making so many calls a day, hot or cold. They even devise cunning tricks, such as detailed reports of calls, to make sure salesmen keep on their feet. The reason for this is that they know from experience there's a mathematical law at work, that if you make enough calls you'll make a sale.

The same thing applies to job hunting. If you start out to make a certain number of calls a day, to talk to everyone, listen to everyone, and patiently run down every lead, you won't have to worry about getting a job. ★



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hi-level
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THE BATTERY WITH A WICK

Needs Water Only 3 Times a Year!

*IN NORMAL CAR USE

How a Blind Man Runs His Farm

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Strand says proudly. He operated the binder again for three consecutive harvests.

Strand thrives on such adventures. Instead of being a burden on the community, as predicted 25 years ago, he's more industrious than ever. He drives himself from morning until night, as though to make up for his lack of sight.

Good-humored and brimming with vitality, he is of medium height and weight with a strong weather-beaten profile, rumpled grey hair, shaggy eyebrows and a pixelike grin that reveals a broad gap in his upper teeth. He walks briskly in a slight fighter's crouch. An hour of inactivity around the house sets him pacing the floor, restlessly opening and closing his jack-knife or flexing his thick powerful hands.

Although age is slowing him down, his strength was once legendary in the Readlyn district. In his youth he often hoisted the end of a solid-oak horse trough with one hand—a two-handed lift for the average man. Sometimes he would seize a 100-pound sack of wheat in each hand and raise them from the ground. Even now, if a nervous horse or his massive bull begins to prance at the end of a rope, Strand easily subdues it with sheer muscle.

His strength has helped compensate for other deficiencies. When blindness finally enveloped him in 1929 Strand had no education. Born in Minnesota of Norwegian parents he spoke no English until he was six. This, combined with weak eyesight, made his first days of school a nightmare. He withdrew after a few weeks. His mother tried to continue his education with books printed in large type but he grew up scarcely able to read.

"I'd read for a while but my eyes got so sore I could hardly stand it," he says.

Strand suffers from retinitis pigmentosa which causes atrophy of the retina, that sensitive membrane of the eye which relays images to the brain via the optic nerve. The disease is hereditary and incurable. It generally begins with slight reduction of vision in early life, increasing gradually to complete blindness.

The disease struck one other member of the family, his sister Lena, at 13. Patient bashful Lena, a small stooped woman with grey hair braided neatly into a bun, keeps the four-room house tidy, cooks meals over the coal-burning kitchen range, but seldom goes out and never leaves the farm.

Emil has always been the extrovert and the adventurer. Throughout childhood his weak vision didn't interfere with work or play outdoors and friends remember Emil as boisterous and happy-go-lucky.

One sister and two brothers died as children. An older sister married and settled in Saskatchewan. In 1907 the remainder of the family—Emil, Lena, an older brother, Ole, and the parents—climbed a train and rattled over the border into Saskatchewan, the newest frontier and the promised land for settlers.

The Strands homesteaded near Weyburn, seventy miles southeast of Regina. In the summer of 1910 Emil's father went to Weyburn to hire a man for a month's plowing. He brought home another Minnesotan, Alex Strubeck, who'd come north looking for harvest work. It was probably the most significant day in the lives of

Emil and Lena, for Strubeck is a gentle slow-spoken man with an honest homely face, a face you instantly like and trust. The Strands soon accepted him as one of the family and, instead of a month, Strubeck stayed with or near the Strands for 44 years. Emil and Lena, the youngest, became his favorites and over the years Alex virtually adopted them. He was always near when they needed a friend. As it happened, they needed him sooner than expected.

In 1911 Strubeck and Ole Strand took neighboring homesteads of their

own near Readlyn, fifty-seven miles south of Moose Jaw. Ole, who is now 72 and lives in St. Paul, Minn., soon tired of farm life and sold the place to his father who died in 1919, whereupon the farm reverted to Emil's mother.

But the postwar years were difficult, the farm was too great a burden for the widow and in 1922 she lost the place to creditors. Emil, who already had the reputation of a hard worker, went to the creditors, asked for a chance to buy back the family land and was permitted to lease it for a year

with an option to buy. But his lease was running out when he glumly told Strubeck one day, "I've got to raise \$2,500 if I want to keep the place."

"I've saved a little money in the last ten years," Strubeck said quietly. "Guess I can help you out."

Then the ex-hired man produced the cash that saved the Strand farm.

Since then the Strands and Strubeck have been inseparable. There is a warm enduring friendship, so much a part of their lives that all three take it somewhat for granted. If you mention it to Strubeck he looks surprised,



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"Anything in the paper worth discussing?"

then embarrassed, finally says lamely, "Well, I been with Emil pretty steady since 1921 . . ." and leaves it at that. It is a bond based on simple everyday things. For years they shared farm machinery and labor at seeding or harvest time. As Emil's and Lena's sight grew weaker, Strubeck's eyes and hands helped them light fires or write letters or run the tractor. There were long winter evenings together, Emil and Lena listening to the radio, Alex reading books and magazines. No one said much on such occasions but conversation wasn't necessary. Although Alex kept land of his own until 1947 he has lived with the Strands since the 1920s. Now, their home is also his as long as he wishes to stay and, of course, Strubeck will never leave.

With Strubeck behind him, industrious Emil made the farm prosper and later added another three hundred and twenty acres. By the late 1920s, Emil was a successful robust young farmer in physical prime and in love with life.

canny instinct and learned the tricks that help him run the farm. The wind became his compass. Now he takes a bearing from some familiar landmark like the barn, determines the wind direction and sets off confidently about his chores.

He memorized every barnyard contour underfoot until the layout became a picture in his mind. Now he automatically slows down within a few steps of a fence or building. Partly from memory, partly from the feel of it underfoot or under his horse's feet, he has acquired a remarkable knowledge of the surrounding country. He stands by his barn and points directly to "that ridge to the south" or "my neighbor's cattle over west there." Once a truck driver asked Strand the way to a farm four miles distant. Emil gave him a detailed briefing and concluded, "Watch that last quarter-mile, there's a bad bump there." There was, too.

His memory grew keen. Kenneth Emery, a lean bespectacled service-station and machine-shop proprietor in Readlyn, once hauled several loads of tractor fuel to the Strand farm. "The day I took the last load I stopped in with the bill," says Emery. "But Emil had the whole thing totaled up in his head, correct to the last penny."

Strand learned to "see" with his hands. His touch is now so sensitive that he accurately estimates the weight of cattle by running his hands over them. With the same skilful hands he can often repair his own machinery, as well as that of neighboring farmers. He can drive nails; the ring of the hammer tells him when his blows are true.

By 1930, when the Canadian National Institute for the Blind discovered the Strands, Emil was able to look after himself. He was offered and took Braille instruction, the only assistance he has accepted.

In November 1930 Margaret Liggett, a spare white-haired "home teacher" who has been instructing in Braille since 1921, spent three weeks at the farm. Emil Strand and his sister Lena spent hours with her, groping over the baffling pages with their tiny raised dots. Lena, who was 40, learned the alphabet. Then the intense concentration began to give her headaches and she dropped her lessons. Strand doggedly fumbled over the pages until his finger tips tingled and his shoulders ached.

"That Braille was harder than pitching sheaves," he says.

His Dog Saved His Life

Then his luck ran out. Ordinarily a person with retinitis pigmentosa can hope for partial vision until middle life but Emil's sight, aggravated by a spell of influenza, failed rapidly. One day in 1928, he found he couldn't see well enough to drive horses and machinery in his fields. A year later he was blind.

It was a heartbreaking time for Strand. His pets, the horses and cattle, were now merely shapes under his hand. The physical labor that he reveled in now had to be approached gingerly or not at all. His blind sister was dependent on him. His friends advised him to sell the farm before he went bankrupt.

But he hated the thought of entering an institution. With Strubeck on a neighboring acreage always ready to help, Strand began the slow task of learning to farm all over again. He gashed his hands on fences, blundered into barn doors, stumbled and fell often. But he never stopped trying and somehow he avoided serious accidents.

Once a team of horses bolted with his wagon but Strand was off and safely out of the way at the time. Once he tumbled from a bale of hay but merely sprained an ankle. A wagon wheel passed over his foot but no bones were broken. An angry bull knocked him down but his dog kept the bull from goring him.

Meanwhile he developed the un-



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But he mastered the equivalent of Grade II English and, with the fascinating world of reading at his disposal, he eagerly browsed through books and magazines. Now, although his grammar sometimes falters, Strand is a more stimulating conversationalist than many farmers with sight and schooling.

He especially enjoyed Charles Kingsley's adventure novel, *Westward Ho*, and he read the Bible which, in Braille, comes in several volumes. Lately the radio has displaced his interest in novels but he still enjoys his Bible, for Strand firmly believes in divine guidance.

"Some people might laugh at that but I figure someone or something is looking after us," he says. "Lots of times, for instance, hired men have been scarce but we always get one at the last minute. That's not just an accident."

The time Strand lost his way in a pasture, when the wind changed direction, he struck out aimlessly and might have wandered for hours, but in a few minutes he walked directly to his barn. He's certain that was not mere luck.

Strand says he's cautious but his neighbors think otherwise. One autumn Dave Crosson, a lean dark young farmer, helped Strand haul grain. Crosson drove a truck equipped with a grain loader, a long pipe enclosing a whirling spiral auger that draws grain out of wagon boxes or granaries into the truck. Strand stood in a wagon shoveling wheat towards the mouth of the motor-driven loader.

Forgot to Close the Door

"I kept telling him to be careful," says Crosson. "He was standing in wheat and as the loader sucked it up the wheat kept shifting under his feet. If that loader caught a man's pant leg he could get badly hurt. But Emil wasn't scared. He stood there shoveling, reaching out with the shovel now and then to touch the loader and get his bearings. I was more scared than he was."

"He has no fear in him," agrees Archie Taylor, a middle-aged farmer and Strand's close friend. "Look at the way he handles horses."

Before the war Emil sometimes rode seven miles to Readlyn on horseback. For a few years he hauled water a mile over hilly roads with a team and wagon, opening and closing two gates along the way. Nowadays on trips to the Taylors' his horse needs little guidance over the familiar trail. Sometimes the beast wanders, though, and the Taylors see their blind neighbor calmly dismount, walk around to get his bearings, and then show the horse where to go.

At home Strand mounts one horse, leads the other, and boldly gallops the 300 yards to the watering trough, riding bareback with only a halter rope.

He closes the barn door before he leaves; otherwise on the return trip the horses might charge directly into the building and crush him against the doorway. Once, on the way back, he realized the door was open. He slid from the galloping horse, landed on his feet at a run and hauled the animals to a stop.

He loves his horses and cattle and spends hours in the barn fondling them. Most farmers let their cows run outdoors night and day during the summer. Strand stables his every night. "They like a dry place to sleep," he says. "They don't like that cold rain on their backs. I'm softhearted with them, I guess, but they appreciate it. They wouldn't hurt me for anything."

With this he scratches his 2,000-pound bull, Truls, under the chin, pounds him affectionately in the ribs or even climbs on his back saying,

"Truls don't mind, do you, Truls?"

So far Truls hasn't minded but Strand leads the animal to water every day, which worries his Rumanian-born neighbor, Mike Bochico, a little bachelor who lives in a lonely shack sheathed with black tar paper and trimmed with yellow boards.

"When those bulls get mad, nothing stop them, not even pitchfork," says Bochico. "Emil wouldn't have a chance. He goes out in blizzards too and that is bad. In those storms even I have missed my way already once or twice."

But Strand says that in blizzards his

remarkable sense of direction gives him an edge over men with eyesight. One day last year Alex Strubeck set out for the field on Strand's new tractor. Strand, who longs to drive it, was so excited that he actually ran ahead to open a gate.

Although he roams freely around the farm Strand avoids cities. He's amazed that blind people walk alone on busy streets. He went to Moose Jaw once with a friend but didn't leave the truck. Strand is at home in Readlyn, a village of 130. He walks with a sure step into Melvin Dean's store for his groceries,

stops at the post office next door, strolls the two blocks to Kenneth Emery's shop for implement parts and gossip, then walks back uptown for lunch at the Readlyn café, a nameless frame building on the sun-baked main street.

Sometimes Archie Taylor drives him to Assiniboia, 25 miles west, where Strand has a savings account. He signs cheques with an illegible scrawl, using a ruler or envelope as a guide. He keeps track of his money by storing \$10 bills in one pocket, fives in another, ones in a third.

During the 1930s Strand was as



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penniless as any farmer but he accepted no more charity than anyone else. When prosperity returned he was one of the first to recover. "We are not really without means now," he says. "We have six thousand dollars in savings and bonds."

Now Strand gives money to the needy. "He's a good old fellow," says Imperial Bank manager J. W. S. Kelly, in Assiniboia. "He's always sending donations to Bible institutes or the Salvation Army or some other charity."

One day this spring Strand asked Kelly, "What sort of an outfit is this CARE? Do they do good?"

"Far as I know, they do," said Kelly. "They send food parcels to Europe and so on."

"Better send them \$45 for me," said Strand.

No Sons to Take Over

Aside from these village trips, in which Lena never participates, life on the farm is simple and monotonous. The low-roofed oblong house with imitation brick siding is clean but colorless with living room, kitchen, two bedrooms, a few Saskatchewan Wheat Pool calendars on the walls and a motto: Christ Died For Us.

On Sundays the Strands and Strubeck listen to church broadcasts. On weekdays they follow the newscasts and a quartet of soap serials. Visitors are infrequent and Strand says wistfully, "We like folks to drop in. It gets kind of lonesome here."

He often yearns for a family but is a little wary of women. Whenever one is at the farm to visit Lena, he is suspicious that her motive is really to marry him for his money and the farm.

Similarly, although he gives generously to charity, Strand is a shrewd businessman. He boasts of deals he's

made: "Got nearly a freight car of used lumber for \$180." "That radio cost me only \$10 and hasn't needed a new tube yet." "My combine's paid for and I didn't take out a loan, either, like some of these farmers with eyesight."

George Wilson, an Assiniboia farmer who once lived near Strand, recalls, "I hauled a load of coal for Emil once and he climbed up on the wagon and ran his hands over it to make sure it was all there. Naturally I wasn't going to cheat him but I guess somebody gave him a raw deal and he's not going to let it happen again."

Actually, these are symptoms of a sense of insecurity. Today Strand is as independent as any man, but someday, he knows, his strength will fail, Strubeck will be gone, and there'll be no sons or daughters to take over the farm. Two years ago he sold half of his original 640 acres, partly to reduce his work, partly to increase his savings.

"I worry about going bankrupt," he admits. "Then they might try to put me in some institution and I couldn't stand that. I'd just pine away."

Strand rarely voices such misgivings. For the present he is master of his fate and when the future looks uncertain he turns to his Bible. Within an hour after I first met him, he suggested hopefully, "Maybe you'd like me to read for you?"

Then he meticulously scrubbed his hands, brought out a thick green-bound volume and turned to chapter 22, The Revelation. The drab little farmhouse was dim with shadows but Emil Strand began to read softly, his fingers flickering over the Braille symbols, a contented half-smile on his face as he lingered over his favorite passage "... and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light ..." ★



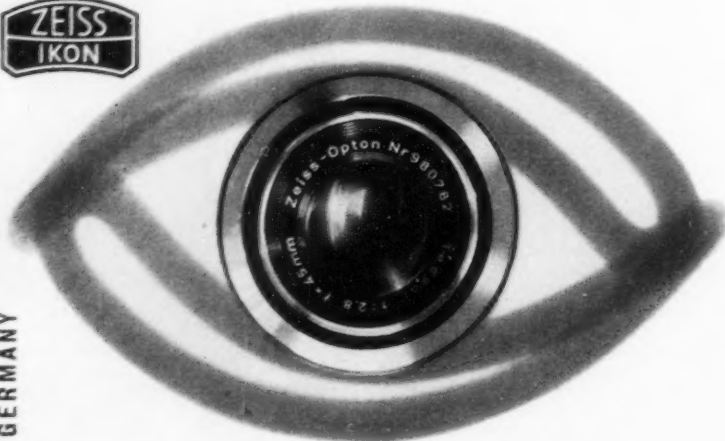
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The Richest Woman in Town

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

to fit it to a frame, discarding the part that showed Anna on the steps of the City Hall giving Howie a Junior Chamber of Commerce cheque for fifty dollars. Cora asked, "What did she say, How?"

"She smiled," said he, "and she squeezed my hand."

"What did you do, How?"

"Baby, anybody can squeeze my hand for fifty dollars."

"I get to squeeze it for nothing. What does she look like close up, How?"

"Good. No double chin, no bumps. A lot of lipstick and, you wouldn't believe it, her hair's dyed blue."

"We are not comparing my figure with a shriveled, old, dyed goat, are we How?"

"Baby, could there be any comparison between you and a mere five million bucks? She squeezed my hand. This one."

"Must have been the other one," Cora said. "I don't see any scales left on that one."

Howie stood looking at himself in front of the mirror on the mantel. "I got a letter at the office today," he said, "asking me to join The Mimes."

Cora was surprised. "You can't act, How. They want you to sell tickets. Half the time you sound as if you were talking through a bran muffin. Who asked you?"

"Susan Brownhill."

"Who?"

"Hang on to yourself, babe. She's Anna's secretary. Anna's putting on a play that needs a man with a beard."

"Then Anna's out of luck. You're shaving."

Howie raised his head and fluffed his whiskers with the flat of his hand. "Anna might need a hairy vice-president who's wasting his time clerking at the Water Board. I ought to be making more money."

When the phone rang Howie asked if she had paid the landlord. Cora had not paid the landlord and was perturbed until she realized that although Howie's hello had been a defiant blare he was now trilling in tones that would have intrigued a meadowlark. He said, "Absolutely, Miss Brownhill. A man with a beard? No talent, Miss Brownhill, can't act. All hands. Talk just as if—a bran muffin. That so? Tonight? At the house? Half an hour. Absolutely, Miss Brownhill." He put down the phone. "That was Miss Brownhill," he said to Cora.

"I know," said Cora, "and she wants a man with a beard. Are you going?"

"Anna wants to see me, babe."

"Why? To squeeze your hand? I heard a story about Anna."

"Forget it. Anna's an old woman."

"With lipstick and blue hair? She's an old goat."

"Babe, you know me. I like them fat."

"Who's fat? You watch your mouth, boy, or I'll bust it!"

HE WAS gone two hours, three hours, and Cora remembered articles she had read in women's magazines about men of Howie's age glowing with a second adolescence that caused them to have erratic tendencies. At a quarter past eleven he opened the door and said, "You still up, babe?"

Cora asked where he had been.

"At Anna's."

"Who was there?"

"Me."

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"Just you and Anna? Can't you find a woman under seventy to take an interest in you?"

"Shut up, fat girl!"

"Did you get a job? You say that again and you'll go to the office with knuckle marks."

"I'm not talking."

"And you're not sleeping until I know what happened."

He glared behind his whiskers like a wild revolutionary and then sat down to take off his shoes. "Ask me a question."

"First of all, take back what you said."

"All right, my little barrel of blubber, you're not a fat girl. Ask me a question."

"No. You tell me."

He lay on the chesterfield. "Anna's grandfather shot a black bear." He closed his eyes. "Anna has the skin in front of the fireplace. I sat on the bearskin and Anna kept running her fingers through my beard. Is that the picture you want, babe?"

"Howard Proctor, you tell me the truth."

The truth, as Howie told it, did mention the bearskin punctured by Anton Hesse, and it mentioned, too, a painting of Anton on the parlor wall. Howie knew Cora would not be satisfied unless his recital came cluttered with details, and he started with his walk along the driveway, bordered with white poplars, his meeting the watchman and the dog, what he said, what Howie said, his knocking the knocker on a big white door that was opened by a flat-faced woman in a black dress who asked him what he wanted, and he had had an appointment with Miss Hesse, and she took his hat. Here, he made the acquaintance of Miss Brownhill, a lady who had done considerable breathing since her thirtieth birthday, and she wore, if Cora must know, grey slacks, a grey sweater, amber beads and a tweed coat with leather buttons. She told him to stay put and she would tell Anna.

Anna was at a table reading office files in a room large enough to make a profitable pool hall, and her eyes behind glasses were the color of cornflowers slightly wilted by a drought, and her hair was like the first blue smoke of a campfire. It was a good five minutes before she spoke to him. She asked that he turn his head to the left, to the right. Howie was bewildered and turned his head and, at her request, walked across the room and stood in front of a bookcase. Anna left her glasses on the table and followed him. She pulled a cord and beige curtains parted above the bookcase to show a painting of a bearded man. The eyes were the eyes of Anna, but more vividly blue, and the beard, as full and as glossy as a chestnut, closely resembled Howie's fifty-dollar one. Howie was impressed. He knew it was Anton. He mentioned the eyes and Anna said the likeness there was secondary in interest to the extreme similarity of the Hesse and Proctor beards. Howie hastened to say that his father had come from New Brunswick and his mother's people from Pennsylvania, for he had heard of Anton's proclivities in the early days.

Anna asked if she could call him Howard. He agreed and brought up the question of his joining The Mimes. He warned Anna someone had said he talked as if he had his mouth stuffed with a muffin. Anna said he might not have a speaking part. The Mimes had suggested they do a pageant illustrating episodes in the town's history, a series of tableaux such as Anton selling his first six barrels of flour from a tent, to be staged in November, with chanted explanations given by two choirs, one representing the settlers and the other

the indigent native population. The young man in charge of the English course at the high school was working on the book. The music, too, would be composed locally. Howie would take the part of Anton.

"That's what she thinks," Cora said. "You're not going through the summer looking as if you were left behind when the fleet sailed."

Then Anna proposed they talk about him. He did, and when the Brownhill came with coffee he was surprised to find it was almost eleven o'clock. He had a cup, and Anna shook his hand. "Did she squeeze it?"

"Just a little."

"I'm telling you something, How. You're not carrying those spikes on your face until November."

"I wouldn't be too sure, babe."

"You'd better be sure because I've got what it takes to put you out of The Mimes."

"What?"

"Scissors."

One of Howard's peculiarities was a look of minor exhaustion which shadowed his face when he told a lie. Cora was almost certain she had seen the look and, after he was in bed, sat in the living room reviewing his story for discrepancies. She was convinced it was Anna and not The Mimes who had advised a pageant, and that Anna never had such an idea prior to the moment she saw him.

ALL THE next day Anna and her money and the interest she took in Howard were thorns stabbing at Cora's thoughts, and she was distressed when he phoned he would not be home for supper. He had been asked to eat with some of The Mimes.

"Where?" asked Cora.

"At Anna's."

"Did she phone you?"

"Yes."

"She's not using the Brownhill anymore. When will you be back?"

"As soon as I can, babe."

From the window Cora looked up the slope at Anna's house. Her mood was as blue as Anna's hair. She thought Anna to be not a sweet old lady but an old goat, and there was no such thing as a sweet old goat, nor would Anna paint her mouth or blue her hair if she were content to occupy herself with bricks and wallboard and making money. She called Anna such names she was shocked herself when she heard them. The thought of cooking and of setting a single plate on the kitchen table upset her, and she dressed to go out.

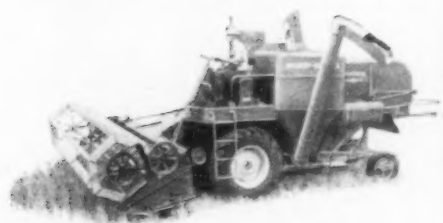
Cora plotted the route he would take from the City Hall to Anna's place and walked down the hill, but she never met him. She passed the garage where Howie had sold cars. It had changed hands a dozen times and now most of the building was torn down and there remained not more than gas pumps and a cabin, banners and a hundred naked lights and a neon sign that said The Happy Smiler and Used Cars.

She knew The Happy Smiler. His name was Zappy Max. He had sold against Howie in the old days. They had hated each other from Monday to Saturday at eight, but ten always found them beaming over the same bottle. She stood so long on the sidewalk under Zappy's lights that Zappy saw her from his little cabin. He was greying now and had glasses. He gave her the happy smile and patted the fender of the car she was standing by before he knew her and called her Cora. He had not seen her for years, he said, and hugged her. He did not mention she had put on flesh, and from this charity she knew that time had not hardened the soft centre in his commercial heart.

"I've got fat, Zap," she said. "I'm

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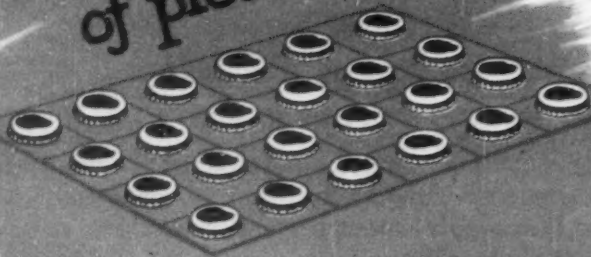
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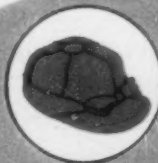
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CARLING'S



*Red Cap
Ale*

fat and sloppy." He took her hand and did not simulate surprise or contraction, but he was quick to ask if she were in trouble. "I don't know," she said. Zap said he saw by the paper Howie had grown a beard. Heard he still had it. Was Howie drinking? "No, Zap," she said.

Zap meditated. He remarked that you would almost think middle age came in bottles, too, the way it affected some people. Some got sodden or mean, or sad, and some got crazy ideas like chasing after women.

"How's not chasing, Zap," she said, "but I think he's being chased and I think he likes it." Zap said the remarkable feature about marriage was that it was such a solid article compared to a week's or a month's or two months' caterwauling with some loose little twirp, and anyway such cases always came to an end as quick as a cold in the head. If he kept a bigger office he wouldn't hire a woman under forty and she'd have to have a face like a sailor.

"It's not one of the girls at the City Hall," Cora said. "Zap, it's Anna Hesse."

Zap took off his Panama and wiped the inside with his handkerchief. Anna Hesse, he said, had been old enough to vote when Howie still was pushing his lips against a comforter. That was a funny one. "She's phoning all the time, Zap. She's got him to promise to act in a play." Act? said Zap. Since when had Howie become a male milliner? He should be selling cars.

Cora looked out and saw a man by the side of a panel truck kicking at the tires. She said, "I guess I'll be going, Zap. You've got a prospect." At the door she said, "I can't stand it. I'm afraid of Anna. I don't know what I'm fighting. I'm walking out, Zap."

She had a bowl of chowder and a wedge of pie, and went to a movie that was showing two features. It was after eleven before she reached the house. The paper was still on the porch. She changed, to slippers and a dressing gown, and waited for Howie, sitting under the lamp, and she told herself that at twelve she would phone the blue-haired Anna to send the man home, but she knew she was fooling herself.

IT WAS after one when she heard him on the steps. She never spoke. He took off his coat and said, "How are you, babe?"

"How are you?"

Howie was on the defensive, and puzzled, for from her mildness he saw no reason why he should be. He said, "I'm all right, babe."

"How, why don't you start selling cars?"

"Who for?"

"For Zappy Max."

"Zappy? What's he got besides a junk yard?"

"You could sell there in the evening. He'd have you."

"Babe, I've got my mind on other things."

"What other things? Beards? Blue-topped women? Bricks?"

"Watch it, fat girl!"

"Watch it yourself, you louse! Do you think I'm standing by while people point their fingers at you, saying, there he goes, the man with the beard, the one Anna takes an interest in, you know, a Mime, a male milliner, you know, works for the Water Board, the man with the beard, you know, do you know the man with the beard, you dirty louse, do you think I'm going to take that?"

"Shut up! All you've got in your fat head is a filthy mind."

"How, I'm trying to tell you everybody in town will have a filthy mind."

"Just let me get a good job and do

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you think I'll care about that?"
 "Do you care about me, How?"
 "Not when you talk crazy."

"How does Anna talk? Does she tell you how lonely Anna's been all alone in a big house with a big barn, and no one understanding her until she meets a big man with a wonderful beard, and could she touch it? Was anyone at her house besides yourself, How? Go on, tell me."

"Fat girl! Fat girl!"
 "You're going to shave, How, and quit seeing Anna or I'm pushing you out. I'm going to see a lawyer. I'm going to bleed you. And you can tell that blue pig, too, that I'm not getting a divorce."

"Fat girl!"
 "Call me that again."
 "You heard me."
 "Call me that again."

He stood up with his coat in his hand. She said, "You take the back bedroom. I'm pushing you out." He opened the door to the room they never had used and closed it very quietly.

Cora slept until ten. She saw that Howie had gone to the office without his breakfast. She made coffee and phoned The Happy Smiler. She said, "I'm leaving him, Zap. I'm not spending time with a man who looks as if he made cough drops for a living." She wondered if he had put down the phone. "Do you hear me, Zap?" He said he did. "Can't you do anything for me, Zap?" He said he was thinking. He asked how many cars could he put in her front yard. "Why, Zap?" He was overstocked, having twelve cars too many on which he would pay storage of two bits a day each, if she didn't mind, and if the landlord didn't mind. "Zap," she said, "in this neighborhood anything goes. I could keep twelve elephants and he wouldn't care as long as he got his rent on time." She should think up a name, he said, like Howie's Hack Emporium or Cora's Carlotta, or something like that. Any tag that would put character in the business. She could use her own front room for an office. If she made a sale, he said, the commission would be ten percent.

AT FIVE, as the quitting whistle at the brickyard blew, Cora went out to the porch and sat on the steps. The ornamental pine had been cut down and so had the single cypress, and there were two rows of three cars on each side of the walk. She took inventory and checked with a typewritten list Zappy had left her and was relieved to strike the same balance she had had at half-past four. When she was count-

ing the light bulbs strung between two-by-fours the Smiler had nailed to the fences she saw Howie. He staggered and his mouth fell open. Gasping, he climbed the steps and sat beside her.

She said, "I'm in business. You'd better pack your bag."

He said, "Cora!"
 "You're out, boy," she said.
 "What happened, baby?"

Cora ignored him. A youth was bouncing the springs of a roadster his own father had probably admired when he too was a juvenile delinquent, and Cora rose from the step with a happy smile. She looked at her list. "I'll have to phone Zap," she said. "This price is different from the one on the windshield."

Howie spoke with a tremor, but audibly for the first time since coming home. "One's the price you ask, the other's the price you'll take. Watch me, babe."

She saw that he had, after all, the ability to be an actor. His face dripped cordiality, interest, scorn, determination, simplicity and triumph when he came back to Cora with a twenty-dollar bill. "Give me a paper and I'll write a receipt," he said. "Sold for a hundred. Balance on Saturday. What's the commission, babe?"

"For you," she said, "the commission is nothing. We don't hire salesmen with beards."

"I can sell that nine-hundred-dollar one tonight to a fellow in the office."

"All you can sell is bricks, boy."

"Baby, I got a fever in my blood. I'll shave if you let me sell the nine-hundred-dollar one."

"What will you tell Anna?"

"What's the commission, babe? I'm not running to Anna's if I can make ninety bucks."

"That's the commission. Ninety."

"Get the scissors, babe!"

"All right. And tomorrow I'll buy some slacks and keep all the cars dusted. How about it, How?"

He said, "Babe, before I shave, we have to have an understanding. No slacks."

"Why not, How?"

"I said no slacks, baby."

"What's wrong with slacks?"

"Do you want me to take this beard up to Anna's, fat girl? I said no slacks."

"You calling me names again, How?"

"Baby, I think you're swell. I just said no slacks."

"I think you're swell, too, How."

"No slacks, babe?"

"I could wear a smock with them, but if that's how you want it, How, no slacks." ★



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Two Canadian Artists in Russia

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

paths crossed only occasionally for the greater part of their stay in Russia.

Constantine was a capable patient man. Half his chin had been shot off by shrapnel in the war but, instead of making him grotesque, the disfigurement made him look rather like a round-faced schoolboy in his teens. He was the only Russian with whom Varley and Aldwinckle got on any terms approaching intimacy. "But we never did get to know even Constantine," said Aldwinckle. "Once or twice we thought he was going to break down and become a human being—but he never quite made it. He never showed us a sense of humor, but he may have had a grim Russian version of one. Often when the women of our party were present he used to sing tunelessly under his breath in Russian. I often wondered what the words were. I know he had good taste in one direction—his wife was a perfectly beautiful woman."

That first night at the National Hotel, too, Varley and Aldwinckle were introduced to two of their hosts' habits that were to exasperate them throughout their stay. The first was for VOKS representatives to ask them what they wanted to see and do, solemnly write their wishes in a notebook—and then add on some ideas of their own. The second was the rigorous serving of vast meals three times a day, course following course inexorably, regardless of Varley's and Aldwinckle's protests that they could not possibly eat so much. Their hosts became offended when the visitors turned aside yet another course, and enquired if they did not like the food.

Chicken Swimming in Soup

Varley particularly suffered from this insistence on showing the Canadians that there was plenty of food in Russia. Varley prefers to talk, sip his wine and eat sparingly at meals, but in Russia he had to run the gantlet of meals that lasted up to three hours, with untouched dishes placed before him, removed when they got cold, and replaced with new platefuls.

"We finally made them understand that we just couldn't put down such quantities of food," said Aldwinckle. "At least, we thought we had made them understand because they smiled and nodded—but next meal it would be the same thing over again." Certainly, if the Russians erred in their hospitality, it was only in the very lavishness of it.

For breakfast the visitors were served yogurt first, followed by a cold-meat plate, then three eggs or an omelet and finally pancakes and jam. Lunch and dinner were much the same as each other: first there was smoked salmon and a salad of cold boiled beets, carrots and potatoes; then sliced ham and pickles; next came large platters of hors d'oeuvres, followed by plates holding half a pint of soup with a large piece of meat or a chicken leg swimming in it; but the main course

was to follow—meat and vegetables, topped off with a compote of plums or cherries and a glass of tea or coffee. The coffee was always weak, until the Canadians discovered they could get an approximation of an ordinary cup of coffee by ordering it "Turkish style." No water was ever served at table, and the visitors found out why—it did not taste very good. Instead, four glasses flanked every plate, for Georgia mineral water, lemonade, beer, wines or vodka.

On the day of their arrival in Moscow the Canadian artists started on the practically endless round of activities that was to put them to bed, exhausted, before the trip was over. On the first day, April 11, they were taken for a whirlwind tour of the city. Varley, with a keen eye for period, observed that the older buildings of Moscow were of early Italian architecture, but that more recent buildings harked back to Greek and Roman styles. "They are," he added, "tearing down buildings which show Gothic influence. I wondered if that was because Gothic represents traditional church architecture and has a religious significance."

In the afternoon the two artists went to tea at the Canadian Embassy, while their chauffeur waited outside. It was the first of many occasions on which chauffeurs sat in their cars for long hours waiting for them. Varley and Aldwinckle used to debate whether the chauffeurs—who claimed ignorance of English—were under orders to report what the visitors said when their interpreters were not along. One day when they were driving with one of the chauffeurs Aldwinckle said to Varley, "Look at the coloring of that building on the left." Involuntarily the driver turned his head to look.

The artists' visit to the Canadian Embassy was to be their last. When they were next in Moscow two weeks later the embassy was full and the staff was busy—the occupants of the Australian Embassy had moved in after relations were broken between the two countries over spy-ring revelations in Australia.

On their second day the Canadians were taken to see "Moscow's pride"—the subway. Varley found it an artist's nightmare of garish paint and plaster, improbable chandeliers and crude mosaics—but at least, he noted, there were no chewing-gum posters.

After visiting the subway Aldwinckle wrote in his diary: "The Kiev Belt station looks like the hall of a palace. Between each arched entrance to the platform is a mosaic illustrating episodes in Russia's revolutionary history. There is extravagant use of marble . . . it extends even to behind the trains across the tracks. In another station there are eight huge mosaics on the ceiling. In still another there is a huge white sculpture of Stalin leading a group of children, covering the complete end wall of the subway station. At the other end is an enormous iron gate behind which is subtly concealed lighting that gives the effect that the gate leads to the wide open spaces and fresh air. Upon close inspection it proved to be the entrance to the cleaners' broom closet."

"The whole effect of each station is one of extravagance little removed

Vast meals were served, lasting hours,
to show that Russia had lots of food.
No one could possibly eat that much.



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← The Bedroom emphasizes the distinctive beauty and decorative possibilities of Fir Plywood walls and ceilings. Note how it contrasts with the geometric pattern of the modern built-in bank of drawers.

Grandfather was a thrifty soul



but how he gambled!

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MACLEAN'S
Canada's National Magazine

from that of the palaces of old. The workers move through this opulence in great numbers, black and undecorative. The whole effect of these stations was to recall to my mind 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.' These tubes that take the masses to and from work have become a shrine, a palace, of the Russian worker. I was reminded of the gypsy caravans I used to see when I was a boy in England; I was always impressed by their attempt to live as kings and queens in their own gilded coaches."

On the afternoon of the subway tour the two artists were taken to their first art museum, the former summer home of a nobleman and complete with art gallery, ballroom, theatre and chapel. There they encountered another Russian practice that was to annoy them on every visit to an art gallery or museum: the guide who has learned her speech by heart and insists on reciting it word for word, each passage in its appropriate place, whether the visitor wants to be instructed or not.

The recital started as the visitors were donning the big soft overshoes which are standard equipment in Russian galleries. In quick succession they learned that the summer palace had been built between 1792 and 1797 by 210,352 serfs, the property of Count Chekemtiyev, and that the palace was now preserved as an example of capitalist decadence. All that was interesting.

"But then," recalled Aldwinckle, "we had to listen to more statistics and a detailed but rather incomprehensible speech about every porcelain fire pot, every piece of sculpture and every painting, as our lady guide moved slowly and volubly from place to place. Varley begged our interpreter to turn her off, but she wouldn't be turned off, wouldn't let us wander off to look for ourselves. I really believe that if she had missed a sentence in her set speech she would have become hopelessly muddled."

That night the program called for attendance at a puppet theatre. Varley and Aldwinckle dutifully went along, although tired bodies cried out for early bedtime. They enjoyed the show, too. But next morning Varley revolted when the guides informed him he was to spend most of the day at the university observing Soviet education in action. "I came here to meet and talk to artists," he insisted. The guide looked worried and went away. Presently he returned to say that a visit to one of Moscow's foremost artists would be arranged for the afternoon, "but this morning . . ."

"This morning," said Varley, "I am going sketching." Aldwinckle backed him up and the two spent their first leisure hours in several days sketching on a river embankment while their car waited. After lunch they were escorted to their first encounter with a Russian artist in his own studio. They walked through an old courtyard in which dirty children played in the litter then into a strange old building that seemed like a cross between a barn and a castle. They climbed several flights of dark stone steps. The guide knocked on a high heavy oak door. It was opened by a huge man in his early seventies, who held out his hand with a one-word introduction: "Konchalovski."

Konchalovski and his younger brother, also an artist, brought out huge canvases to show the visiting artists. The big studio was lined with racks to the ceiling which held hundreds of paintings up to five feet by seven feet, like records in an album. Varley examined the first paintings that were produced. He said later that they looked more like photo murals than works of art.

Varley turned to Konchalovski. "You

like that?" He pointed to one painting.

Konchalovski wrinkled his nose and puckered his face to indicate that he wasn't particularly proud of it. Then he brought out another canvas, and Varley's eyes widened. "It was a lovely still life," Varley now recalls. "It was like a Cézanne—but better than Cézanne, I honestly think. I told him 'Bravo, it is perfect, you couldn't change a line.' He understood only a little English, but he knew what I said. Suddenly there was understanding, the rare joy of an artist who meets a kindred spirit. Soon we were going over that painting, discussing its rare color, its lovely modulation of line."

Tears rolled down Konchalovski's cheeks. He brought out cheese and wine. Varley and Aldwinckle sang "For he's a jolly good fellow." The interpreter became worried at this excessive fraternization. He pointed to the "Cézanne" and said: "This is a stage in the development of the artist; he must paint roughly like this before he learns to paint well like that"—pointing to the despised photo-mural painting. The artists laughed at him and he became a little hysterical. Trying to get the visit back on a safe level he kept pointing to objects in Konchalovski's other paintings and crying, "See, there is a lemon, here is a cup, this is a vase, this is meat." But he could not win the attention of the artists who were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Men Who Talked Like Parrots

Konchalovski told Varley and Aldwinckle that he painted what he liked. "Of course," he added, "when the National Academy commissions a picture—they usually take three a year and pay me for those enough for me to live well—I paint the way they want . . ." he waved to the photo-murals . . . "but I can also paint for other museums or galleries, or for private persons who can afford to buy."

Aldwinckle came to the conclusion that Konchalovski was a first-rate artist who could paint well, or with tongue in cheek; that he had no intention of asserting the freedom of the artist as long as a good living depended on a measure of conformity. The visit, which turned into a merry party, was to be the only really informal meeting with an artist during the Canadians' stay in Russia.

A day or two later Varley had an encounter much the opposite to his pleasant meeting with Konchalovski. On one of the rare occasions when he had a free hour Varley went shopping with one of the girls in the Canadian party, accompanied by a French interpreter. Suddenly the interpreter appeared to become alarmed. "Mr. Varley," she said, "we must hurry back. You have an appointment to meet some artists at 4.30." It was then 4.15, and Varley had never heard of the meeting. But the girl interpreter led him at a fast pace back to the hotel, dodging sidewalk crowds by walking on the roadway.

Back at the hotel, Constantine, Varley's regular interpreter, hurried him into a car. They drove a long distance to a big building where he was confronted by a group of unsmiling men around a large table. "They looked like bankers," Varley recalled, "and I knew they certainly weren't artists. The man who seemed to be in charge was called the Professor. I told them I had come to talk to artists, and asked them where the artists were. They kept answering, 'They will come, they will come.'"

There followed two nightmarish hours for Varley, during which the Professor and some of the "banker"

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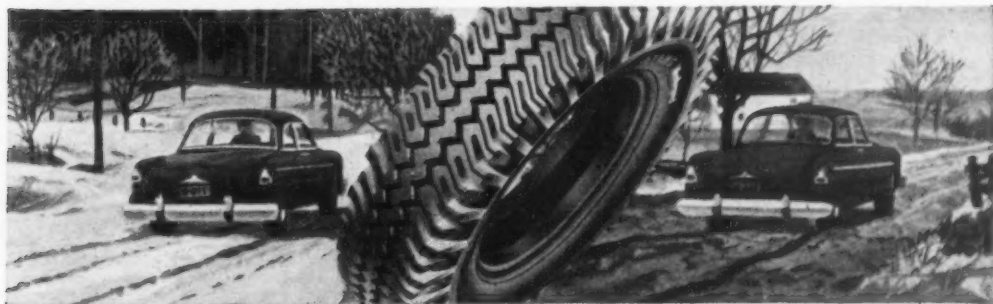
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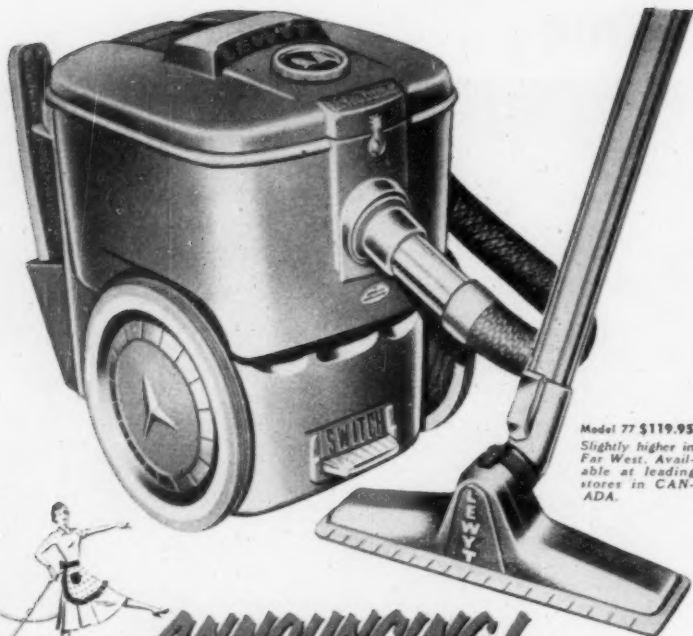


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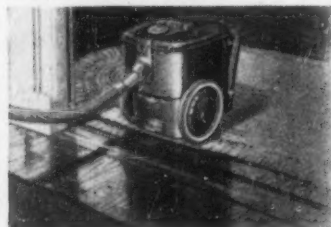
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threw question after question at him, and leaped on his answers with scorn. Constantine had disappeared and the men around the table had their own interpreter.

"I don't remember the words," said Varley, "but I remember that they kept asking me about my beliefs in art. And their favorite reaction to my answers was 'that went out a hundred years ago' or 'all that was said twenty years ago; this is a new world now.' I wouldn't let them get me down. I answered all their questions and threw them some of my own: 'What is the Russian art philosophy?' and 'Do you believe that art must descend to the people, or will the people rise up to the art?' They ignored my questions, or answered with their parrotlike: 'All that was said twenty years ago.' They brought tea, but only I was served. There was a huge ornate box of cigarettes on the big table.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, do you mind if I smoke?" I said.

"Certainly not. Help yourself."

"I pushed the cup of tea to one side, pulled out a tin of Players and smoked my own.

"The Professor blandly remarked: 'You notice we do not smoke.'

"It was a strange, meaningless question. Presently Constantine entered the room and walked around the table. I stood up, said I had an appointment, and held out my hand. But they remained dead pan and would only mutter 'good-by.'

"On the way out a young man poked his head out of a door in the corridor and said: 'Thank you, Mr. Varley. I enjoyed your talk very much.' Constantine seemed uneasy. He rode back to the hotel in the front seat, and would not talk."

As the days went by the two Canadian artists had to accept the fact that they were entirely in the hands of VOKS, from early rising to late bedtime. They came, too, to realize that VOKS was a power in the land. After the theatre, ballet, opera and other functions to which they were taken, crowds overflowing from the building would snarl traffic into knots; but their guide's pronouncement of the magic word VOKS would clear the way, bring their car, speed them on their way. Even when the program called for a visit to Lenin's Tomb the utterance VOKS took them to the head of the long line-up without demur from the patient Russians.

By now the artists were becoming a little familiar with Moscow—familiar enough to analyze the reasons for its pervading unfamiliarity. Said Aldwinckle: "I wondered why Moscow seemed so strange a city, until it dawned on me that here was a place with no pets, no laughter in the streets." "And," added Varley, "no couples holding hands in the parks."

Another difference between Toronto or Montreal and Moscow, which requires time for realization, is the fact that the Russian capital is almost totally devoid of an ingredient familiar to everyday life in North America, something that might be called genteel sex provocation. Here fashions, billboards, movies, television, magazine illustrations and advertisements all utilize the feminine form as part of their stock-in-trade; in Russia such allure is seldom advertised, even by the individual owner. The women dress

in styles that are practically nostalgic to Western beholders, and eminently "respectable."

After a week in Moscow, Varley and Aldwinckle were informed that they would be called for at 1.30 in the morning to be driven to the airport for a 1,500-mile flight to Tbilisi in Georgia. "Perhaps it would be as well simply not to go to bed after you get back from the circus," suggested Constantine casually. The artists decided to pass up the circus.

Aldwinckle, with lost sleep piling up, hoped that the Georgians, being southerners, would be more relaxed than his energetic Moscow hosts. But they were met at Tbilisi airport by Comrade Sjkente, an architect and vice-president of GOKS—the Georgian Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries—and a delegation of society members who informed the visitors briskly that there wouldn't be a dull moment during their stay. And there wasn't.

Georgia proved to be beautiful, but damp. The Canadians were installed in a hotel with large rooms containing beds with lacy pillows and frilled bedspreads. The bed looked good but Aldwinckle was informed that he was due at a film showing in the basement of the headquarters of GOKS—the Georgian equivalent of VOKS. "We sat," said Aldwinckle, "in large padded armchairs which I could have sworn had previously been sprayed with water." After dinner there was a ballet, at which Varley and Aldwinckle shocked their hosts by periodically nodding into sleep to the gentle music of Swan Lake. They were awakened, though, by a strange sound. During the applause for the first act, a large number in the audience gave vent to distinct "boos." It turned out, though, that "boo" is the Georgian equivalent of "encore" or "bravo."

Stalin Gazing Out to Sea

Something similar happened when the artists visited the studio of Dzhabaridze, director of the Georgian Academy of Arts. Aldwinckle had with him several color transparencies of Canadian paintings, loaned to him by the Art Gallery of Toronto. One of them was Paul Peel's canvas, *After the Bath*, and when the director saw it he uttered a hoarse "rrrhosh!" which sounded something like a Bronx cheer but really was a Georgian term of approval.

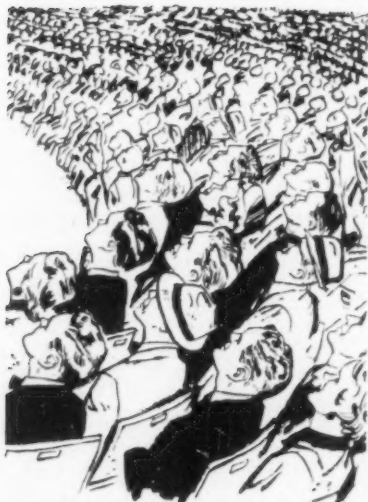
The visit to Dzhabaridze's studio was a much more dignified occasion than the soiree with Konchalovski in Moscow. The walls were adorned with sketches and drawings, many of which Varley and Aldwinckle liked. But on his easel, far too large to be ignored, was a heroic but photographic likeness of Stalin in military uniform, gazing out to sea. Aldwinckle asked politely if the portrait had been commissioned by the government. "No," came the answer through the interpreter, "it is the result of inspiration."

Varley, more bluntly, enquired if the artist was working from a photograph. "Yes, of course," was the reply.

The combination of dampness, loss of sleep and a round of functions and visits that surpassed Moscow's most relentless finally took toll of both Varley and Aldwinckle. Both took to their beds with bad colds and exhaustion. After he recovered par-

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tially from his first encounter with Soviet medicine, Aldwinckle wrote in his diary:

At 9.30 a doctor arrived in my room with a retinue of two nurses, two men from GOKS and an interpreter. They talked Russian for a long time and then the interpreter said: "Do you cough?" Considering that I had been coughing in the interpreter's ear for three days at the rate of one cough per minute, I thought I showed admirable control when I answered "yes."

There was another large volume of talk in Russian and then I was asked in English if I had something in my nose. I said yes. More talk. The doctor felt my wrist and there was a hushed silence in the room. After this there was a long consultation, ending with the verdict which was translated to me: "You have a cold."

I agreed, and asked for some throat lozenges. Instead the nurse pushed a thermometer into my mouth. When she took it out there was no announcement of my temperature. The doctor peered down my throat, held another consultation, and I received the second verdict: "You have a sore throat."

I agreed, and asked for some throat lozenges. The doctor wrote out two long prescriptions, told me I must stay indoors, and the nurse would look after me.

Constantine came into my room with his chess board. Every time he fears that a few minutes might hang heavy on my hands, he produces his chess board. As usual, he beat me, quietly and without show of elation. I never won a single game from him—and I consider myself a pretty fair chess player.

The Canadian visitors had balked when told that they would be detoured on the return journey from Tbilisi to Moscow to visit a collective farm near Msketa, on the Black Sea. But VOKS was adamant. "We came to the conclusion that this was the 'demonstration' farm which visitors must see at all costs," said Aldwinckle.

At Msketa they were ushered into a bare farmhouse which contained a piece of furniture which Varley had come to hate—a board table. All their visits, he complained, began at a board table, which he considered the worst possible medium for discussions on art. So Varley went off and sat on an old leather sofa while the rest took their places at the table.

The farm director launched into an hour's discourse on the organization of a collective farm, its philosophy and economy. Aldwinckle, still unwell from his cold and weariness, remembers only one thing about the manager's performance: "His hands were soft and white with manicured nails, and made mine look like a farmer's."

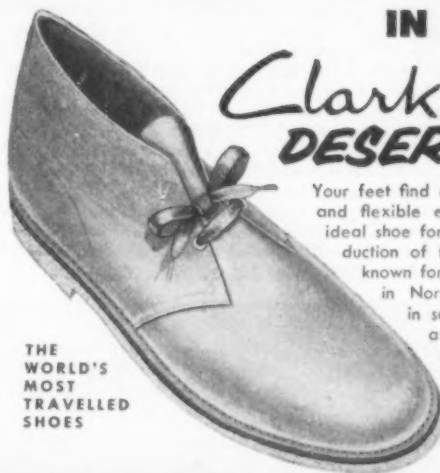
The party then drove to another farmhouse occupied by an elderly collective farm worker and his wife but commandeered by the director to entertain the visitors. In the small main room was a table covered with food and drinks. Somehow forty or fifty people jammed into that room, including a sextet in Cossack uniforms and several women singers, dancers and instrumentalists. There were innumerable toasts and after every toast the Cossacks sang. The rule was "bottoms up"; fortunately the wine was a fairly light vintage.

Finally came the big toast of the evening in which the farm director invoked "love, peace and harmony between all people." Aldwinckle was nominated to represent the visitors, and was handed a huge silver-mounted cow horn (later presented to him as a souvenir) filled to the brim with wine. He was expected to match the director,

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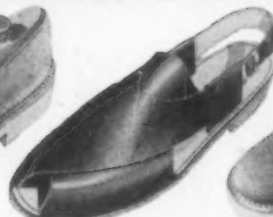
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gulp for gulp, in emptying the horn. "It was an ordeal," said Aldwinckle, "but I just made it. A worse ordeal was to follow, though. Full of admiration for my feat, and filled with brotherly love, the director leaned across the table and kissed me heartily. It was the first time I had tasted a wine-soaked mustache. I thought, 'the things I have done for Canada.'"

Back in Moscow the tireless VOKS immediately placed the Canadians once more on what Aldwinckle now called "the artistic belt line"—a new round of visits and entertainments. They

escaped on a midnight train bound for Leningrad where they had been invited to meet the members of the Leningrad Academy Institute.

The meeting opened with everyone angry except Aldwinckle—the academy officials because the Canadians were late for their 10.30 appointment; Varley because he was once more confronted with a hated board table. "Aldwinckle saved the day," said Varley later. "He could always find something to say in trying circumstances. One of the directors asked through the interpreter, 'Why does Mr. Varley say nothing?' I

answered: 'How the devil can we talk with that table between us?' They got the point, and we drew up our chairs in civilized manner for a real talk." Finally, the Leningrad visit turned out to be the most pleasant the Canadians experienced.

Back in Moscow the Canadians made a startling discovery. They were not by any means the only guests of VOKS on this cultural tour. An invitation awaited them to a farewell dinner in the banquet hall of the Kremlin, along with about two thousand persons who had been on similar tours of Russia,

none of whom the Canadians had encountered.

Aldwinckle was anxious to see some of the other buildings inside the Kremlin walls—particularly the interior of the colorful domed church which he and Varley had painted from the outside. A special invitation had to be obtained, passport and other documents produced and checked. Finally Aldwinckle received the necessary permission. Constantine asked to be allowed to take his wife along, since she had never been inside the Kremlin.

Aldwinckle's diary entry of the visit tells the story:

We enter the domed church and I am astounded. It was lined inside with huge icons butted together, filling the entire lower walls all the way around. Above this another row of icons were butted, and above that yet another, making literally hundreds of ancient treasures of art. Above this and over the ceilings were magnificent frescoes. In the entire circular interior there was not a bit of wall or ceiling space not covered with icons, frescoes or paintings.

We had repeatedly been told that the Russian revolutionaries had never destroyed the property of the aristocrats they overthrew—only the aristocrats themselves, and this array seemed to indicate that the Soviets valued these religious treasures despite the official attitude toward religion. We passed into another chapel also jam packed with priceless objects.

Then we go into the palace itself, which is now the government's headquarters, and here we are shown the accoutrements of the pomp and ceremony of former rulers—jeweled gifts from princes, kings and rajahs, beaten silver and gold, suits of armor, royal coaches, palace banquet ware. These things are preserved not so much for their intrinsic value, which is undoubtedly great, but as examples of the "disgusting extravagance" of departed royalty. But somehow these pieces of bric-a-brac make me recall the subway.

After his tour of the Kremlin buildings Aldwinckle made his way to the banquet hall where he joined representatives from Italy, Britain, France, West Germany, Mexico, Finland, India and South America. Rumor had it that high Russian officials were presiding at the head table—but the dining hall was apparently a quarter of a mile long and the Canadians could not see that far. Toasts were offered over loudspeakers to all countries, including the United States, although the Canadians saw no Americans. There was dancing afterward to a surprisingly good jazz band, but the Canadians left early. Their plane for home was to take off at 4.30 a.m.

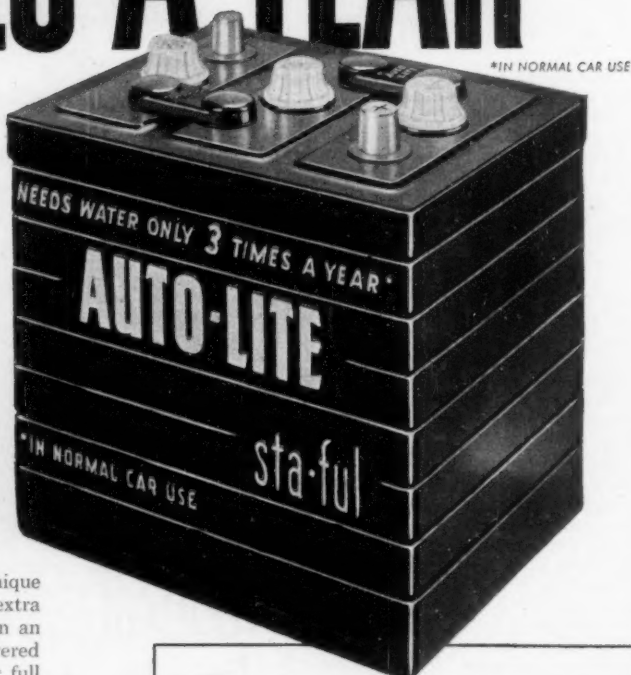
As the undersized and ancient Russian plane winged its way toward Prague, Aldwinckle passed the time by sketching what he could see through a window: part of a battered oil-stained engine cowl and a little white cloud beyond. Then he flipped the page and sketched the heads of two sleeping Czech passengers.

Presently the stewardess, dressed Russian style in a plain skirt and sweater, leaned over and said that making drawings was not permitted during flight... would he please hand over the book so she could show what he had been drawing to the plane's commander?

Aldwinckle gave her the sketch book. She was a long time in the pilot's compartment. Then she silently returned it. Later, when the Iron Curtain was far behind, Aldwinckle flipped through the pages. The careless drawing of the engine cowl of the ancient Russian plane, framed against a little cloud, was missing. ★

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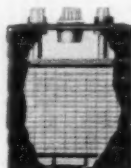
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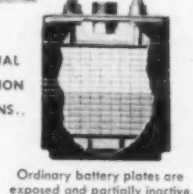
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The War Against the Lobster Poachers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

and cannery is at least \$2 millions. Fisheries officials believe perhaps fifteen percent of the 6,700 licensed lobstermen in this part of the Southern Gulf are involved.

Last year this area accounted for ninety percent of the 149,000 live lobsters and 13,100 traps seized by Fisheries men, the 440 prosecutions and \$7,000 in fines levied in all three Maritime provinces. This reflects a pious local philosophy that God, not the government, put the lobsters in the sea.

But the government makes the rules. To enforce them the Fisheries Department has about two hundred uniformed protection officers and part-time wardens in the Maritimes, plus a hand-picked squad of eight trouble-shooters, an occasional chartered aircraft and twenty-two coastal patrol boats, headed by the Cygnus, a converted minesweeper. But, since the department has other duties to perform, only about sixty men and ten boats are free to operate in the black-market area. Their task is tough—they must cover roughly two thousand miles of coastline, observing the comings and goings of three thousand boats and almost seven thousand fishermen. Law-abiding or not, all fishing boats look alike.

There are close to sixty licensed canneries in this part of the Southern Gulf and they turn out about three quarters of the Maritimes annual pack of eight million pounds. Since they're the obvious outlet for illegal lobsters, all must be watched. Fishermen's homes and the woods around hide scores of bootleg canneries, financed often by legitimate factories.

How to Catch a Canner

What makes this black market successful is precisely what made bootlegging of another kind prosper in the thirsty Twenties: lobsters are in heavy demand from Halifax to Hollywood, and the Fisheries laws have as many loopholes as a herring seine.

Black marketing begins when fishermen boat their illegal catches. They sell them, in nine cases out of ten, to a canner or his buyer for anything from ten cents a pound—the lowest black-market rate—to thirty, the usual price for legal lobsters. The canner, in turn, sells his pack to "assemblers," lobster wholesalers.

For Fisheries men, breaking this chain of events can be an adventure in frustration. For example, since both fishermen and cannery are licensed by the Fisheries Department, the threat of canceling permits would seem to be the trump ace. Not so. "If we take away a fisherman's license," Fisheries men say, "we only create one more man to watch full time."

Cannery are safe on another count. In New Brunswick and P. E. I., the only license a canner needs is issued under the federal Meat and Canned Foods Act, which has to do with sanitation in canneries that ship their packs across provincial or international borders. A dirty cannery can be closed tight, but not a tidy plant that deals in black-market lobsters. Only the minister of fisheries himself can shut down a cannery for black marketing. In recent memory, this has never been done.

Fisheries officers can take cannery and fishermen to court. But first they've got to catch them with the goods. Here, if they aren't hog-tied by

their own regulations, they run into trickery. For instance, when fishermen set their traps in the legal season, they're marked with wooden buoys. For identification, each man paints his buoys with a special combination of colors, like racing silks. But in closed seasons, with Fisheries boats lurking about, this practice courts trouble. Consequently most poachers merely take bearings from inshore landmarks—a lighthouse or a beach—and throw their traps overboard unmarked. At night they retrieve them with grappling irons. Others are more daring. Not

long ago a patrol boat from Shediac, N.B., passed within five yards of a bobbing seagull. A Fisheries man, curious because it didn't fly off, took a closer look. Good reason. It was hand-carved, hand-painted and tied to a string of 20 lobster traps.

To escape detection most poachers land their catches at night. They drop them off in secluded coves or inlets where they're picked up by trucks and taken to licensed canneries or to homes, for boiling, shelling and canning. But often the poacher escapes the risk of taking lobsters ashore. Buyers, many

employed by the canneries, go along the coast at night in large smacks, meet fishing boats and transact business over the gunwales. Once a buyer gets his lobsters ashore, he's practically scot-free, so long as they aren't short. There's nearly always an open season on somewhere in the Maritimes. Confronted by Fisheries men, he can claim that the lobsters were bought legally. The lobster cops have to prove otherwise. They seldom can.

Short lobsters require more care. Fishermen sometimes drag them into port in burlap bags, tied beneath their



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boats, and row them ashore after dark. One canner instructed fishermen to leave their short lobsters in boxes outside their homes. His truck picked them up at night. Another had a better scheme, until a sharp-eyed Fisheries man who couldn't understand why fishermen who owned no cows put milk cans out at night suddenly twigged to the plot. Five years ago Gerry Morrison, a New Brunswick officer, seized a novel lobster carrier—a 500-gallon gasoline truck. In Richibucto Village, N.B., last summer, Officer Phil Burke saw a woman push-

ing a baby carriage down the street. When he stopped to have a peek, the woman grew flustered. He pulled back the covers. "Not much likeness," he said dryly, eyeing fifty pounds of lobster meat.

The legal size of a lobster is judged, not by the over-all length, but by measuring the carapace—its torso. In the Southern Gulf area, the carapace limit is two and one half inches, which corresponds to a seven-inch lobster. A few years ago Fisheries inspectors discovered that some fishermen had hit on the idea of taking live shorts, ripping

off the meaty tail and large claws and tossing the rest of the lobster back into the sea. No carapace to measure, no evidence to convict. The problem was taken to Fisheries biologists, who came up with a solution: the size of the lobster could be determined by measuring one segment of the tail fan. After several canners were nabbed this way, word got around and the practice ceased.

Since without the co-operation of cannery owners, illegal lobstering probably wouldn't be profitable, Fisheries men have been hitting them regularly.

In some canneries wardens now keep a twenty-four-hour watch. Under a new regulation, if Fisheries officers find a large number of shorts in a cannery, they can seize the entire stock, including legal lobsters. Watson claims this has frightened many factory owners into accepting only meat that has already been cooked, shelled and canned.

Dozens of backwoods canneries have appeared, big and small. In 1953 Fisheries men walked in on a huge outdoor cannery at Pousett Lake, in southeastern New Brunswick. They found a packing line of women, crates containing 12,000 short lobsters and 600 tops for cans, each embossed with the serial number of a licensed cannery. The numbers are issued to each cannery by the government to keep tabs on his pack. When the officers confronted the cannery he claimed the tops had been stolen.

Fisheries men know that most of the lobsters canned in the woods and in private homes ultimately gravitate to the packs of licensed operators but, in many cases, the department can do nothing.

A home cannery, for one thing, is perfectly legal, unless the Fisheries officers can prove in court that the canning is being done for export across a provincial boundary. Then under the Meat and Canned Foods Act the cannery would be operating without a license.

If any proof were needed of the link between canners and poachers it was provided three years ago when the Fisheries men began on a big scale to seize poachers' gear and smash their traps. Letters of protest flooded Fisheries headquarters in Ottawa, crying that the poor fisherman was being victimized. Most of the letters were signed, not by fishermen, but by canners. The broken traps belonged to them and had been lent to fishermen to use in the poaching season. The fishermen, for their end of the bargain, promised to sell all their lobsters to their patrons at the low black market rate of ten cents a pound.

Warned by Nursery Rhymes

Early this year, when Fisheries Minister Sinclair ordered a crackdown on the black market, officials in Halifax secretly formed a mobile flying squad that could be shot into trouble spots. All eight men picked were old hands with good records. All were big—one, Gerry Morrison, rears six feet six out of his boots—since, on past performance, there could be unpleasantness. And all were total strangers, not only to the fishermen of the poaching areas, but the resident officers and wardens. "It isn't that we don't trust our local men," says Watson, "but they can hardly take a step without its being publicized."

This is a striking tribute to one of the most remarkable intelligence networks extant. Almost every fishing village and cannery involved in illegal lobstering has its own warning system. In some sections of the Northumberland Straits, red shore lights tell a poacher that a lobster cop's around, green that the coast is clear. In Cape Bald, N.B., a flag does the trick. The plans of one New Brunswick officer all went awol until he discovered that a sister of one of the most notorious poachers was the local telephone operator.

A P. E. I. cannery, whose plant lay at the end of a long road, hired a man to sit in a truck a few hundred yards off and lean on the horn when the Fisheries officer came in sight. Another paid children to play outside his cannery and, at the approach of anyone, to start singing nursery rhymes. When he

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heard Three Blind Mice all short lobsters were quickly hidden under a trap door.

Every time a lobster cop comes near Ste. Marie Sur Mer, off the New Brunswick coast, a latter-day Paul Revere scoots around on a motorcycle with the news. One officer in Nova Scotia used to marvel at the hard-working woman who was always busy hanging up her wash each time he sailed into the harbor at Pictou Island. Not until he arrived there one stormy day did he realize that she was signaling his presence. Else, why was she hanging out her clothes in the rain?

Unlike most other policemen, who can count on stool pigeons to make sleuthing easier, lobster cops get few tips. "Some 'honest' fishermen are afraid to squeal on poachers," says Frank Campbell, a provincial fisheries official in P. E. I., who admits that he used to be a poacher himself. "But others just tolerate poaching as another way of life."

It's an old way of life. Back in 1937 several middle-aged fishermen who appeared before a commission investigation of the lobster industry testified proudly that they belonged to "the third generation of poachers." One witness, a retired Fisheries officer, ventured that to stop poaching along the north shore of P. E. I., "you'd have to call out the militia."

That 1937 probe revealed a comic-opera situation where, overnight, Fisheries officers turned poacher and poachers became Fisheries officers. "It is quite common," reported Commissioner Arthur T. LeBlanc, "to see that a guardian finds himself presiding over the protection of lobster fishing in a section where he has been very successful in poaching the year before. And," he added, "if anything is needed to make the situation worse, it is the fact that his appointment . . . has been obtained for him through the influence of men who are poachers in the very district assigned to him."

The department has had only one known fifth columnist in recent years. Last fall Allan Robichaud, a district protection officer who lives in Moncton, N.B., grew suspicious of one of his wardens. The man was forever leading patrol boats off on wild goose chases. Talking to him one night Robichaud casually mentioned that he planned to raid a nearby cannery next day to search for shorts. The warden didn't take part in the raid, but while Robichaud was at the cannery three truckloads of lobsters arrived. "We measured thousands," says Robichaud, "and there wasn't a single short. That was just too good to be true." The warden resigned.

In their catalogue of frustration Fisheries men allot a prominent place, oddly enough, to the courts. Many magistrates don't share the government's serious view of illegal lobstering. Last June in Queens County, P.E.I., a fisherman pleaded guilty to having 420 shorts. The magistrate fined him five dollars. "That's just like a license to go out and do it again," said one annoyed Fisheries officer. Not long ago a canner was caught with three thousand short lobsters. His fine: twenty-five dollars. In the state of Maine, where the minimum fine is one dollar for each illegal lobster, he would have been hit for \$3,000 or a stiff jail term. Some fishing organizations, notably the 4,000-member United Maritime Fishermen, a marketing co-operative that has been crying loud and long against illegal lobstering, have advocated the same scale for Canada. Canada has a maximum fine of \$1,000—yet to be imposed—but no minimum.

Lacking much help from the courts Fisheries officers have evolved their

own way of dealing with violators. Last summer two protection officers in P. E. I. spotted lobster boats converging on a buyer's smack at sea. They waited until the transactions were complete, then arrested the buyer. He had eighteen hundred pounds of lobsters—only a quarter of them shorts—for which he had just paid out \$500. A new regulation, just put in the books, enabled the officers to seize the entire load. He had thus lost \$500 before he even went to court. His fine, as it turned out, was a tenth of that.

Though Fisheries men are cracking

down harder today than ever before, few of them believe they can break the black market merely by smashing traps, seizing lobsters and haling men into court. "The big stick helps," says Loran Baker, chief Fisheries supervisor for the Maritimes, "but unless we can educate these men we'll have to keep clubbing for the rest of our lives."

This summer District Officer Robichaud, who has spent eighteen of his fifty-six years chasing poachers, undertook to teach them. First he sent word around poacher-filled southeastern New Brunswick that meetings to discuss

lobsters would be held in twelve fishing communities. Attendance was good, possibly because at Robichaud's request parish priests in his strongly Acadian area advocated the meetings from their pulpits. Pamphlets on lobster conservation, printed in English and French, were given to the two thousand fishermen in Robichaud's district and this fall, in the local schools, they were handed out to junior high-school students. "Maybe the kids can educate their fathers," says Allan Robichaud hopefully. "If not, we've still got a good start on the

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If it is hard for others to understand why Catholics pray to the Saints, it is equally hard for Catholics to understand why other Christians do *not* so pray. It is a custom which has been observed in the Church since the time of the Apostles. Its merits are clearly indicated in both the Old Testament and the New, and Catholics the world over can testify that God does, indeed, listen with special favor to the prayers addressed to Him in our behalf by His friends, the Saints.

It sounds illogical to Catholics to recite in the Apostles' Creed, "I believe in . . . the Communion of Saints . . ." and then to scoff at prayer to the Saints. The difficulty, it seems to us, is that there is confusion concerning just what the Saints are. There is certainly confusion concerning the Catholic attitude toward Saints, and Catholic customs with respect to them.

Belief in the Saints depends upon the conviction that we can help one another with our prayers. Catholics have no doubt about this. We read, for example, in Genesis, God's instructions to Abimelech to ask Abraham to pray for him: "He shall pray for thee, and thou shalt live" (Gen. 20: 7,17).

God had mercy on the children of Israel because Moses prayed for them. At another time God said "...and my servant Job shall pray for you; for him I will accept" (Job 42:8). The new

Testament contains equally convincing testimony. St. Paul asks repeatedly for the prayers of the faithful. In the Epistle of St. James, we find: "And pray one for another that ye may be healed." (Jas. 5:16).

If God heeds the prayers offered by sinful mortals in behalf of one another, how much more surely will he listen to his friends, the Saints in Heaven, who are in a position to know the needs expressed in our prayers to them? If the individual appeal "of one for another" is heard in Heaven, how much more certainly will God hearken to the swelling chorus of prayer rising up from the "communion of the faithful" in Heaven and on earth? And if the Saints in Heaven are not concerned for us, why should there "be joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke 15:10)?

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DECEMBER 1

next generation of lobster fishermen."

At each meeting Robichaud's star speaker was Dr. D. G. Wilder, from the Fisheries Research Board's Atlantic biological station at St. Andrew's, N.B. Wilder is a tall square-jawed man of 38 who looks more like yesterday's star halfback than the popular conception of a scientist. But he is one of the world's leading authorities on *Homarus americanus*—the North American lobster—and for the past twelve years he has studied little else. It's on the findings of Wilder and his staff of four that the government bases its lobstering regulations.

Hence many a poacher's eyes popped this summer when he read the pamphlet Robichaud gave him. Written by Wilder, it states plainly that the laws that make poaching a crime—closed seasons—have little or no conservation value. This is why: in summer, in order to grow, the lobster breaks out of his form-fitting corset, dines ravenously and, while a new bigger shell hardens, he increases fifteen percent in length and fifty percent in weight.

In this molting period the lobster, being hungry, is easily caught. But he is also soft and scrawny—poor eating. For this reason, in 1874 when the Maritime lobster industry was just beginning to hit its stride the federal Government banned trapping in July and August. Soon, as the vast reserve of older never-been-fished-before lobsters vanished, yearly landings fell off sharply. Open seasons were shortened, in the hope of reducing the amount of fishing and so maintaining the stocks. In some areas, over the years, seasons were cut to two months; in others to six.

Seasons were pegged, not only to the lobster's habits, but also to the fisherman's. Where they conflicted with mackerel or cod seasons or with planting or harvesting times (many lobstermen are part-time farmers) the lobster seasons were altered—*Homarus americanus*, who doesn't migrate, would still be there. The net result, often, was an open invitation to poachers. For example, the open season in most of the Southern Gulf of St. Lawrence—the worst poaching waters—runs from May 1 to June 30. Within the next three months the lobsters there have molted, taken on new shells and grown

bigger. The crop is ready. But the fishermen, according to law, are supposed to leave them alone until the next May 1.

Now along comes Dr. Wilder with word that the law is an ass, in effect, if it thinks the present closed seasons are saving the lobster. Tagging experiments have proved that in most parts of the Maritimes, with two-month seasons or six, eighty percent of the legal-sized crop is caught. Only so many lobsters are available each year, he says, and trapping them for one month or nine will neither increase nor reduce the catch appreciably. The solution to the problem, Wilder says, is to have year-round fishing, except during July, August and possibly September when the lobsters are molting and mating.

Reaction to this opinion is mixed. Wilder suspects that poachers no more yearn for legal year-round fishing than the rum runners wanted Prohibition abolished, and for the same reason. "As long as there are more law-abiding fishermen than poachers," he says, "the poacher can make an easy profit. While the honest fishermen's traps are ashore, his only competition is from other poachers."

A Lobster's a Family Man

Most Fisheries men, on the other hand, are in favor of ending closed seasons and Watson has recommended it to Ottawa. "If we didn't have to run after poachers all the time and patrol imaginary lines at sea," he says, "we could turn most of our men loose on a more serious problem—short lobsters."

Wilder terms the wholesale landing of undersize lobsters a major threat to the industry. Biologists concede that the lobster, who is even more of a family man than the rabbit, can probably never be fished to extinction. But if fishermen persist in landing shorts the day of the big lobster will end and the profit will go out of lobster fishing (legal Southern Gulf lobsters averaged three pounds in 1873; today a little over half a pound).

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the vague impersonal heading of conservation. "Talk conservation to fishermen," says J. H. MacKichan, of Halifax, general manager of the United Maritime Fishermen, "tell them that they can protect the fishery for the next generation and you might as well be talking Cree Indian. They're interested in money—now."

Money is exactly the theme of the propaganda that is now being directed at short-lobster fishermen. Wilder's pamphlet tells them about the men of Fourchu, a village on the southeast coast of Cape Breton. In 1947 they voluntarily raised their size limit from about seven inches to about nine. It meant they had to throw back about fifty percent of the lobsters they were then landing, but they went ahead anyway. The nearby community of L'Archeveque had raised size limits fifteen years before and prospered. The lobsters responded, but fast. By 1951 the Fourchu fishermen were setting fewer traps, catching fewer but bigger lobsters—and for every dollar they earned before, they now had \$1.33. Moreover, on both sides of Fourchu, where regulations were unchanged, incomes remained the same.

Only Dumbbells Take Shorts

Wilder contends that the only men who profit from short lobsters are the cannery owners. "Most fishermen," he says, "take a clobbering and they don't even know it." He gives this example: suppose a fisherman in Alberton caught and sold 5,000 short lobsters. They would weigh about 1,700 pounds. If he were lucky enough to get the going rate for legal lobsters (about thirty cents a pound) they would bring him about \$510. At the black market rate (ten cents) he would get \$170. Allowed to reach legal size the same lobsters would weigh about 3,000 pounds and bring \$900—almost twice as much as the fisherman got for them at the top price and five times the black market value.

"Lobsters don't migrate," says Wilder, "so when the fishermen in one area toss the small ones back in they know they'll still be around in another year—bigger and more valuable. Taking them as shorts is just plain dumb."

Last summer at one of the meetings he addressed Wilder made this point. One fisherman stood up, puzzled. "Do you mean to say when we take a short we're stealing from ourselves?" Wilder paused to let the meaning sink in. "Exactly."

But, ironically, the best argument for conservation was provided this year by the men who practice it least. In 1953 fishermen in the Alberton-Tignish area of western P. E. I.—the worst poaching grounds—landed 850,000 pounds of lobsters in the open season. Then, after the season closed, Fisheries officers there noticed that activity on the black market was the briskiest ever. This year, though legal landings increased for the rest of P. E. I., around Alberton and Tignish they fell to 622,000 pounds—a loss on the year of 228,000 pounds and almost \$70,000.

The lobster is an amazing creature. He can go without food for seven months at a stretch, grow a new claw if he loses one in an undersea battle, crawl backwards at great speed when he's alarmed; and some observers claim he can perform even more unlikely feats. Last June at Little Pond, P.E.I., Fisheries officer Pete McLellan stopped a well known poacher's car on the road. McLellan opened the trunk. It was filled with illegal lobsters.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said the poacher. "They must of snuck in there themselves!" ★

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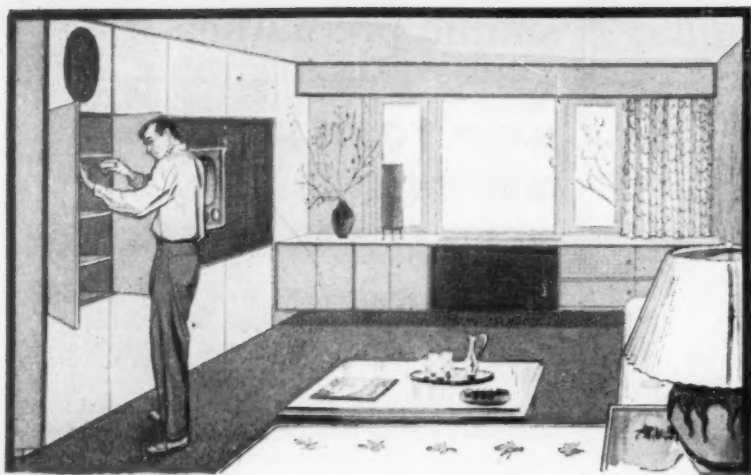
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

grounds until the match was over, when the horses would be harnessed again and the family would be driven home.

Winston Churchill did not go to Eton but chose Harrow, where he achieved no success at sport or learning. Nehru went to Harrow and returned to India determined to work for his country's liberation from the British yoke. Stanley Baldwin was also a Harrovian, although he did not smoke a pipe until his later years.

Naturally the satirists have had their fling; and sometimes the most pointed darts came from old boys of the two schools. In *Who's Who*, Osbert Sitwell, the famous poet and essayist, includes the item: "Educated during the holidays from Eton."

In the days when the Liberals and the Tories dominated the political scene more than half the ministers were old Etonians. "It is not a school," said the great Lloyd George, "so much as a secret society." Another critic declared that Eton was not so much a secret society as a trade union. But overwhelmingly the British parliament and the British diplomatic corps have been dominated by men who went to Eton or Harrow — and principally Eton.

Tadpoles Under Top Hats

It was not until Labour came to power in 1945 that the tradition waned for a time and Haileybury College and Winchester took Eton's place because Clement Attlee went to the former and Stafford Cripps and Hugh Gaitskell to the latter. Actually Hugh Dalton, the first Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1945, went to Eton but the Tories hurriedly explained that he had belonged to the lowest form of school-boy by being a day scholar and not living in.

But before your democratic breast bursts with indignation let us remember that Eton became the nursery of the nation's leaders in politics and diplomacy in the years when Britain was a great expanding imperial power. She had to send men abroad who were incorruptible and, to use a colloquial phrase, would not let the side down, or in matters of sex go native. In other words they were taught team spirit when they were so young that they looked like tadpoles under their top hats.

There is much to be said for the team spirit and there is something to be said against it. The smaller boys at Eton are made to "fag." In other words they run errands and tidy up for the lordly ones in the fifth and sixth forms. Many appointments in later life are made on the basis of "He was my fag at Eton."

It was against this system that Rudyard Kipling hurled the words: "Some day we shall lose India because it will be 'Stinky's' turn." If that

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needs translation it means that a school-boy loyalty could cause the prime minister to send out the wrong man as viceroy.

But let us look at the system with appraising and unprejudiced eyes. A small island like Britain, administering vast continents and all shades and creeds of human beings, must train men who are dedicated to leadership. In effect Eton and Harrow say to their boys: "This is not the road to wealth. You will never be paid enough to be able to save any substantial sum. But you will have the power and the glory, and if you fail you will sink into obscurity. You must serve the state with integrity above everything else. What is more you must realize that genius springs from many sources—born sometimes in a herdman's shed or in a Manchester slum. When genius appears, you—who have had every advantage—must serve under it, for genius cannot be denied."

Thus you find the aristocratic Tory Party in the 19th century choosing Benjamin Disraeli, son of a Jewish man of letters with almost no social background, as their leader and prime minister. In later years they backed the Birmingham businessman, Neville Chamberlain, and the industrialist, Stanley Baldwin, for the same roles. And, conversely, they did their best to prevent the premiership of Winston Churchill, nephew of the Duke of Marlborough.

But what of the boy who goes to Eton or Harrow and is destined for nothing more than an ordinary life? What effect have these boarding schools upon him?

At a very tender age he is sent to a preparatory boarding school and, to a large extent, passes from the family circle. He comes home "for the hols" but his real world is the school. His parents take him to the pantomime at Christmas and then shove him back to school. The same thing is happening to his sisters. They have also gone to boarding schools where they play ground hockey to take their minds off the fact that they are females. In such circles the teen-ager, beloved of American films, is unknown. And, since I am an honest observer of the human comedy, let me admit that the English girl in her sports dress loses something essential as she swipes the ball with her hockey stick.

It is an undeniable fact that among those who can afford to send their children to private boarding schools the influence and the joys of family life are steadily reduced. A great pope once said: "Give me a child until it is ten and after that I have no worries." The boarding-school system of Britain is almost as powerful as the Church.

There are many dialects and accents in this rain-soaked island. Paradoxically the Scottish tongue is an asset but the Lancashire accent is not—except in industrial and music-hall circles.

On the other hand the out-and-out Cockney, the semi-Cockney and even the soft breathy Cockney accent is a social liability. This may seem tawdry but it is true. I am sorry to say that even in modern Britain the manner of speech is almost more important than its meaning.

Snobbery? In a way, yes. On the other hand there is a robust democracy which acclaims personality and achievement no matter from what source it springs. But then in any society the gifted man or talented woman can succeed. It is the ordinary decent little people who suffer from the system.

I have long been aware of the faults of the English public-school system—by a strange quirk these private schools are dubbed *public*. Yet if I had the power to end it I would hesitate and perhaps, in the end, I would ask for time to give it further study.

But there is one factor which grows more powerful all the time, and is causing not only much worry but a great deal of hardship. I refer to that old devil—finance.

To maintain a boy at a good public school costs his parents from 400 to 450 pounds a year. The father cannot charge that outlay against his income tax, nor can he claim any rebate for the taxes he has to pay to support the state schools. In fact we have the odd situation of parents subsidizing the state schools by paying taxes and then by relieving the state of the cost of educating their children.

Home Life Is Weakened

Taxation is so heavy in Britain that an expenditure of 450 pounds a year means either a very heavy outlay of available income or the sacrifice of capital. The area of hardship expands all the time, and the chancellor of the exchequer can only say, like Miss Otis, that he regrets.

I think, myself, that the monastic system of education as exemplified by Harrow, Eton, Haileybury and Winchester, does harm by keeping young girls and young boys from the enjoyment and the stimulation of mixing with each other. Most of life's joys and most of life's tragedies come from the relation of the sexes.

It is a bad thing when the emotionalism of the young has its outlet in the companionship of one of the same sex. God created male and female and it was never intended that they should be segregated for long periods at a time. If the French and the Americans lean to one extreme, I think that the children of the better-off families in Britain pay a heavy price for the advantages of segregated schools.

Finally there is the undoubted fact that the influence of home life must be weakened severely by the boarding-school system. In many cases that would be a good thing, but on the other hand it is bad when a woman is relegated to the role of a mere conduit pipe linking up the generations.

I APOLOGIZE to John Eden for leaving him standing all this time. You may remember that at the beginning of this letter he had announced to the House of Commons that he had the disadvantage of having gone to Eton, which he regarded as the greatest independent school in Britain.

But a socialist MP who worked in the mines as a boy drew the biggest laugh.

"I am conscious," said John Eden toward the end of his speech and then paused dangerously.

"Just," said the miner MP, and even John joined in the laughter. ★

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THE STORY OF INDIA PALE ALE—"Brew us an ale" they said, "which will stand the long sea trip to India!" That was more than 100 years ago. One of the English experts who met this challenge later took the secret to Wheeling, West Virginia where John Labatt II (1838-1915) was studying brewing. The brewmaster's favourite pupil, young John, brought the recipe to Canada. Soon Labatt's I.P.A. was world famous, winning more gold medals in international competition than any other beer. Next time ask for I.P.A. ... it's a man's drink!



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Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

points that may be important, but that they feel are a lot less important than having the seaway built.

WHEN THE COLOMBO Plan Consultative Committee ends its annual meeting here Oct. 9 after three weeks' work by officials and ministers, its biggest single job will have been to produce the Colombo Plan Report for 1954.

Canada as host country will have the initial printing and hopes to make this report the handsomest since the Colombo Plan went into actual operation three years ago. Graphs and pictures will brighten its pages—hitherto solid masses of rather small type.

Facts and figures in the report will be cheerful, too. This great international scheme for the capital development of Southeast Asia has now been operating long enough to show positive and visible results. When the Consultative Committee finishes adding up its figures, it will certainly show thousands of horsepower developed in new hydro-electric projects, thousands of new acres irrigated, thousands of people therefore getting a little more to eat.

There are some other facts equally pertinent, though, which the report will not contain.

It will not, for example, bring out the fact that contributions from the western countries are almost certain to fall far short of the original target, probably by hundreds of millions of dollars. The target set at the conferences of 1950 was \$5 billions over six years. About half of it was to be raised by the Asian countries themselves. The rest, in unspecified shares, was to be contributed by Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the United States.

Precise totals are hard to get, because no country wishes to stress the difference between promise and performance in the Colombo Plan. However, we are now past the half-way mark of the six-year plan. Considerably less than half their intended share has been contributed by the western nations. There is no indication, either, that any of them proposes to increase its rate of contribution.

Asian countries are facing this deficit realistically. India, for one, hopes to be able to find more capital from her own resources, and thus keep the total dimensions of the plan somewhere near the original target. In any case, half a loaf is better than no bread. The Colombo Plan is bringing tremendous benefit to Southeast Asia, and nobody is shedding idle tears because it's doing less than had been hoped for at the start.

But the \$5 billion target set in 1950 was the best guess that could be made, at the time, of the minimum required to make an effective improvement in the Asian standard of living. So far, our contributions have not attained that estimated minimum.

In the background notes handed out to the press by the External Affairs Department when the Colombo Plan Conference in Ottawa was announced, there is no mention of any target figure having been set at Colombo. It will be interesting to see whether this omission is repeated in the 1954 annual report produced by the Consultative Committee.

ANOTHER FACT which will certainly not appear in the Colombo Plan Report for 1954:

Canada's much-vaunted contribu-

tion of \$25 millions each year does not, in fact, give the Asian countries a real \$25 millions worth of capital goods. In some cases the real value of the goods, quoted in world market prices, has been only about half the nominal dollar value.

A good example is locomotives, of which Canada is donating 120 to India over a period of several years. Nominally this amounts to a gift of \$21 millions. Actually it is less than \$12 millions. Canadian locomotives cost about \$167,000 each. India could buy locomotives in Britain for less than \$100,000, and in Germany for about \$85,000.

Of course India doesn't complain about this. The locomotives are still a gift. India needs them badly, and asked for them. Besides, the proud and sensitive countries of Asia are delighted, not offended, to know that Colombo Plan contributions benefit the



donor countries as well, by providing employment in plants that might otherwise have to close. They like to think of the Colombo Plan not as an alms-giving operation, but as a co-operative scheme for mutual advantage—which in fact it is.

Not all Canadian officials seem to think so, however. Administration of our share in the Colombo Plan is niggardly in several small ways. For instance, Canada refuses to pay the freight on these valuable locomotives of ours. Since the Finance Department took the view that India ought to have a financial stake in the operation, India must move the locomotives from Kingston, Ont., to their destination at her own expense. Since India has no ships of her own, the freight charges are a drain on those scanty Indian reserves of foreign exchange which the Colombo Plan is designed to build up.

Canada also refuses to pay the insurance on this costly freight, though Canada tried to insist that insurance should be taken out. India drew the line at this, replying politely that if any locomotives should be lost in transit the Indian Government would replace them, but reserving the right to buy such replacement in the world market.

These charges of course are only a small fraction of what the capital equipment is worth, even at German prices. India is receiving help from the donations. But the penny-pinching administration does tend to produce the same mixed feelings that would be aroused by a Christmas gift sent by express, collect.

FAR FROM REALIZING this, some Canadians seem to expect what Edgar McInnis, president of the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, once

called "an abasement of gratitude" for this gift of \$1.66 a year from each Canadian. One Canadian envoy in an Asian country recently complained that Canada wasn't getting enough publicity out of her contributions to the Colombo Plan. He thought Canadian flour ought to be sent out in sacks marked "Gift of the Canadian People." Similar inscriptions could be stenciled on the locomotives and stamped on the ingots of copper and aluminum that this country is sending to Asia.

In fairness to the man who dreamed up this publicity stunt (which will not be done, anyway) it's probable that he was merely trying to make sure the Colombo Plan continues to get Canadian Government support. In spite of the endorsements it has received from all Opposition parties and from Canadians generally, the Colombo Plan has never had more than lukewarm acquiescence from the Government of Canada.

L. B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs, and his officials have been wholeheartedly in favor of it, but they're uncomfortably aware of being alone in this view. The Department of Finance has always been grudging—as Hon. Douglas Abbott once remarked, "pouring \$25 or \$50 or \$100 million into the Colombo Plan won't really make a significant difference"—and the Finance Department would rather not have to collect the money.

C. D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce, whose opinion probably has more weight in this field than any except those of the Prime Minister himself, is interested in the Colombo Plan solely as a means of helping Canadian industry. Far from apologizing for the \$167,000 locomotives, he would regard these as the greatest justification the Colombo Plan could have. It's keeping in operation an otherwise inoperable plant which is, nevertheless, a useful part of Canada's defense establishment.

Walter Harris, the new Minister of Finance, is said to be even more suspicious of the Colombo Plan than was his predecessor. It has to be sold to Harris all over again, and it can be sold to him only as a scheme that will bring direct incontrovertible benefit to the Canadian people. This can be and is being done. There seems to be no serious danger of any interruption in Canada's participation in the Colombo Plan for the three years it still has to run.

On the other hand, there seems to be even less probability of any increase in a Canadian contribution which was originally based on an estimate of the very least and most urgent requirement. Since then, inflation has increased even world market prices, so that \$5 billions today will buy much less than \$5 billions would have bought then. Moreover the western countries are putting in less than their intended share even of the original \$5 billions. And to cap all, Canada is padding the figures of her own donations by sending Canadian goods which cost two-thirds as much again as the same goods would cost in other Colombo Plan countries.

It's still a good thing for Canada and a good thing for Southeast Asia that we are doing this. But it does seem something less than pure altruism. ★

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MAILBAG



Who'll Get the Seaway Savings?

Who is Bodsworth trying to kid? Among the many benefits claimed by him for the new seaway (What Will the Seaway Do to Your Town? Aug. 1) is six cents more per bushel on prairie grain. Let me tell Bodsworth that we are only 450 miles from Churchill and grain shipped there from around here nets farmers just the same price as if it were shipped to the head of the lakes.

The west will be stuck with its share of the cost of the seaway but our benefits will be nil because any loss of revenue to the railways will have to be made up mainly by the western provinces. Ordinary freight rates here have doubled in the last year or two. So, to keep the railways solvent, the only thing now is to raise the Crow's Nest rates on grain.

The only ones who will benefit from the seaway are Ontario, Quebec and the U. S.—George F. Franklin, Sylvia, Sask.

● Bodsworth writes: "Chevrier estimates that the seaway will cut costs six cents a bushel . . . this will mean a saving of about \$20 millions a year to prairie farmers." It remains to be seen who will pocket the saving, the farmer or . . . the overseas or domestic buyers of wheat. Bodsworth (or Chevrier) would be right if he would first prove that once the seaway is built the farmer will be able to maintain his selling price of wheat at pre-seaway level . . . —F. K. DeVos, St. Johns, Que.

A Surprise for Jennifer

Thanks for the surprise your Aug. 1 cover by James Hill gave me—the newspaper he used for his painting had my picture on the front.

I would like to say though I have never seen a bathroom decorated like



The room was too warm for Jennifer

the one shown and painted such a furnacelike color. No wonder the man in the bathtub has to take along his ice cubes.—Jennifer Williams, Grimsby Beach, Ont.

Watching for the Mailbag

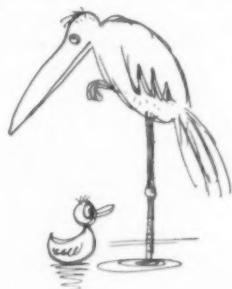
After reading Prof. N. J. Berrill's Are We Alone In The Universe? (June 15) I was impressed by the way he summed up in a few paragraphs the

theory of evolution. However I remember thinking how many smug readers were going to take exception . . . and they did, I notice, in the Mailbag of the Aug. 1 issue.

Whether or not we believe in Darwinism, how long will it be before intelligent people realize that, if we are to progress, orthodox religion—like any science devoted to the betterment of mankind—must evolve and conform to proven facts even if they are contradicted by the Bible.—E. W. Klassen, Ruthven, Ont.

The Haliburton Country

Writers frequently belittle the Bay of Fundy tides by quoting the figures for Saint John harbor where the rise and fall is only about 28 feet. David



MacDonald does this in his otherwise excellent article, Sam Slick Slept Here (July 1) . . . At Avonport the tide rises and falls 46 feet. At Burntcourt Head the rise and fall is 49 feet, and at Truro high water is 27 feet above mean sea level or about twice the figure for Saint John Harbor.—D. Davison, Bass River, N.S.

Saluting in the Shower

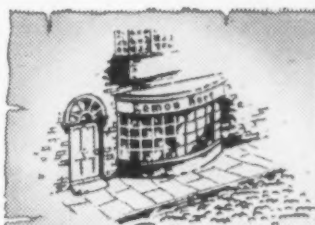
In your article, Look What They've Done to the Mounties (July 15) there appeared a statement that a recruit while in the shower gave a "snappy soapy" salute to an inspecting officer. Did the recruit have his cap on . . . or have things so changed in RCMP and army life that a man salutes with his cap off?—Hugh Millar, Montreal.

The recruit was either rattled by his officer's appearance outside his shower, or he was wearing full uniform in the shower—a practice not approved by the RCMP. Like the army, the RCMP never salutes unless in full uniform.

To Laugh or to Cry?

One does not know whether The Lady Lawyers Who Are Fighting Napoleon (Aug. 1) should be classified as article, humor or fiction. Are we supposed to laugh or cry when reading about Quebec's incredible laws? . . . Quebec lawmakers, exploiting what is undoubtedly Canada's most ignorant province, can get away with anything. Canada's parliament holds serious, intelligent debates to draft a fine criminal code—and Quebec's police stick their tongue out at it.

McKenzie Porter's report was excellent. Let's have more.—E. Taub, Toronto. ★



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In his Siberian Expeditionary Force service, Hugh F. Labatt made many friends among the Czech Legion. When the Iron Curtain fell on Czechoslovakia, Mr. Labatt went to Europe and succeeded in making contact with the brewmaster of the famous Pilsen brewery who gave him the original recipe for Pilsener. With yeast flown from Europe, Labatt's brewed a true Pilsener which was tested and approved by seven European brewmasters. Nothing equals Pilsener for quenching thirst. Try it next time.





When a shutterbug talks about "soot and whitewash", he's talking about photographs which are all blacks and whites, with no middle tones. That's what you get when the light isn't properly balanced.

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DISTRIBUTORS IN LEADING CITIES ACROSS CANADA.



SUBURBANITES, those modern frontiersmen, are mighty ingenious about finding substitutes for what they haven't got. Take this want ad from the Saint John Evening Times-Globe: "Wanted—Sewing alterations and remodeling, 110 telephone poles past Zoo on Rothesay Road." It didn't mean a thing to us either—didn't even sound like a plausible typographical error—but then a local resident explained things and it all makes fine sense. This woman, the advertiser, lives away out the highway and doesn't even have a house number to direct customers to. But like other suburbanites in that area she's discovered that if the houses aren't numbered the telephone poles are—the one in front of her house has "110" right on it, and the words "past the Zoo" are obligingly thrown in to tell customers driving out when to start looking for the right pole.

...

The man arraigned in the Fort William police court, charged with committing assault and battery on a pay telephone, was 69 and certainly looked peaceable enough. He pleaded guilty and paid his fine of \$50 and costs without a murmur, but before doing so he had a chance to tell his story. He said the telephone didn't return his money after an incomplete call. He said he was a janitor by trade and he just happened to be carrying this hammer and chisel around with him at the time. He said he lit into the pay telephone with these weapons just because "I did what anyone would do—I got mad."

...

After just this one we promise to swear off tourist stories until the first



robin returns next spring. We've just heard from a Winnipegger who took a holiday motor jaunt all the way to Montreal. Along the St. Lawrence he saw a sign tacked to the front of a house, "Live bait for sale." Under the sign was a deck chair and in the deck chair was a shapely blonde in abbreviated bathing suit.

Parade's trophy for the most resourceful golfer of the year goes to the Fredericton woman playing in the New Brunswick Ladies' Golf Championship whose ball landed atop a small haystack. Debating momentarily as to what the ground



rules might say about such a lie, she shrugged her shoulders, produced a match, set the hay pile alight and after the ashes crumbled stepped up to her slightly scorched ball and hollered a nonchalant "Fore!"

...

A Winnipeg photo-engraving firm got such a response from a notice placed in the *Prairie Farmer* that it is thinking of building an expanded plant, with heavily curtained windows and armed guards at peepholes, to handle the new business. It seems the paper has readers as far away as Nigeria, and from Nigeria came this reply to the ad:

Dear Sir: I have understand through your advertisement that you are a good qualified photographer and I take great pleasure to write you. To start with, I desire to become your customer, and will be glad if you can help me. You should understand very well that if you help me I will also help you, because kindness gives birth to kindness.

My problem is, can you be able to print for me the West Africa currency notes in its usual form. If you can do so, then I will send you one note to look and recopy and print out with. If this can be possible to do write at once and state your charge and the same will be sent to you. Please act at once and let us begin at once. I shall tell you the easiest way to send it so that nobody will suspect you. Expedite please.

...

This Montreal couple always thought the amiable janitor of their apartment block was a Canadian until an unexpected Irish streak appeared in him recently. A fuse had blown while the wife was ironing one night, knocking out every light in the place. When they discovered the janitor was out for the evening all they could do was leave a message for him and sit disconsolately about in the dark wishing he'd get home. Next morning he arrived, all apologies, explaining that he'd have come up and fixed the fuse the night before but by the time he got home their lights were out so he knew they'd gone to bed.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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Her unselfish dedication to the continuing needs of

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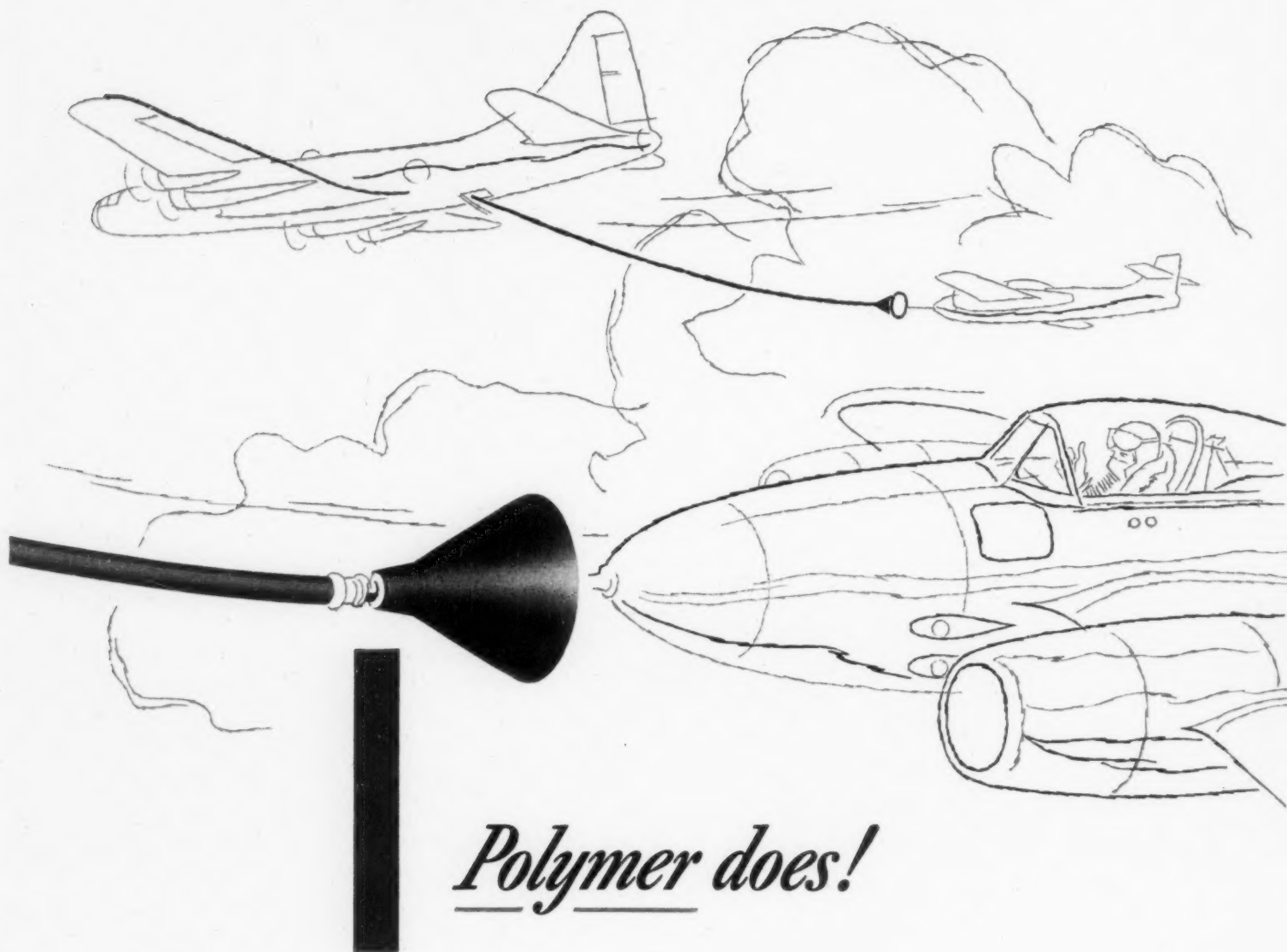
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Because of this rubber revolution you can buy paint that leaves no odour, dries in half an hour, leaves no brush marks. You walk on rubber tile floors that offer more resilience, longer life, brighter colours.

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